

ALBUMAZAR:

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE.



L O N D O N:

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PROLOGUE

Written by  MARYDEN.

TO say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it please you now ;
Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had Wit ;
When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
And Johnson (of those few the best) chose this,
As the best Model of his Master piece :
Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
That Alchymist by this Astrologer ;
Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose,
He lik'd the Fashion well who wore the Clothes.
But Ben made nobly his, what he did mould ;
What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold :
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he reigns,
Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
But this our Age such Authors does afford,
As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one Word :
Who, in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all ;
And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to prey,
But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day.

Nay

Nay scarce the common Ceremony use,
 Of stand, sir, and deliver up your Muse ;
 But knock the Poet down, and with a grace
 Mount Pegasus before the Owner's Face.
 Faith, if you have such Country Toms abroad,
 'Tis time for all true men to leave the Road.
 Yet it were modest could it but be said
 They strip the Living, but these rob the Dead :
 Dare with the Mummiest of the Muses play,
 And make love to them the Egyptian way.
 Or as a rhyming Author would have said,
 Join the dead Living to the living Dead.
 Such men in Poetry may claim some part,
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art.
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats stand,
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.
 They make the Benefits of others studying ;
 Much like the Meals of politick Jack Pudding,
 Whose Dish to challenge, no Man has the Courage,
 'Tis all his own, when once he has spit i'th' porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
 You are in Fault for what they do amiss.
 For they their Thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
 Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,
 They should refund, but that can never be.
 For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,
 These men write that which no man else would steal.





Dramatis Personæ.

Albumazar, an astrolger.

Ronca, }
Harpax, }
Furbo, } thieves.

Pandolfo, an old gentleman.

Cricca, his servant.

Trincalo, *Pandolfo*'s farmer.

Armellina, *Antonio*'s maid.

Lelio, *Antonio*'s son.

Eugenio, *Pandolfo*'s son.

Flavia, *Antonio*'s daughter.

Sulpitia, *Pandolfo*'s daughter.

Bavilona, a courtezan.

Antonio, an old gentleman.





THE
PROLOGUE.

THE brightness of so great and fair a presence,
They say, strikes cold amazement. But I feel
Contrary effects. For from the gracious center
Of the honourable assembly some secret power
Inflames my courage; and, methinks I am grown
Taller by th' virtue of this audience.
And yet thus rais'd, I fear there's no retiring.

Ladies, whose beauties glad the whole assembly:
Upon your favours I impose my busines.
If't be a fault to speak this foreign language,
(For Latin is our mother tongue) I must entreat you
To frame excuses for us; for whose sake
We now speak English. All the rest we hope
Come purposely to grace our poor endeavours;
As we to please. In whose fair courtesy
We trust: not in our weak ability.



ALBUMAZAR:

A

COMEDY.

Act I. Scene I.

Ex:er Albumazar, Harpax, Ronca,

Albumazar.

OME, brave mercurials sublim'd in cheating,
 My dear companions, fellow-soldiers
 I'th' watchfull exercise of thievery :
 Shame not at your so large profession,
 No more than I at deep astrology.
 For in the days of old, *good morrow thief,*
 As welcome was receiv'd, as now *your worship.*

The

ALBUMAZAR.

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The Spartans held it lawful, and the Arabians;
So grew Arabia felix, Sparta valiant.

Ronca. Read on this lecture, wise Albumazar.

Alb. Your patron Mercury, in his mysterious character,

Holds all the marks of the other wanderers,
And with his subtil influence works in all,
Filling their stories full of robberies.

Most trades and callings much participate
Of yours; though smoothly gilt with the honest title
Of merchant, lawyer, or such like: the learned
Only excepted; and he's therefore poor.

Harp. And yet he steals one author from another.
This poet is that poet's plagiary.

And he a third's, till they end all in Homer.

Alb. And Homer filcht all from an Egyptian priestess.

The world's a theater of theft. Great rivers
Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
Guts from the stomach steal, and what they spare,
The meseraicks filch, and lay 't i' the liver:
Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd
And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.
Now all these pilfries couch'd and compos'd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick mass of thievery.

Ronca. Most philosophical Albumazar!

Harp. I thought these parts had lent and borrowed
mutual.

Alb. Say they do so: 'tis done with full intention
Ne'er to restore, and tha's flat robbery.
Therefore go on, follow your virtuous laws,
Your cardinal virtue, *great necessity*,
Wait on her close, with all occasions.
Be watchful, have as many eyes as heav'n,
And ears as harvest: be resolv'd and impudent,
Believe none, trust none: for in this city

(As in a fought field, crows, and carkasses)
No dwellers are but cheaters and cheateez.

Ronca. If all the houses in the town were prisons,
The chambers cages, all the settles stocks,
The broad-gates gallowses, and the whole people
Justices, juries, constables, keepers, and hangmen,
I'd practise spite of all, and leave behind me
A fruitful seminary of our profession,
And call them by the name Albumazarians.

Harp. And I no lesf, were all the city thieves
As cunning as thyself.

Alb. Why bravely spoken,
Fitting such generous spirits: I'll make way
To your great virtue with a deep resemblance
Of high astrology. *Harpax and Ronca,*
Lift to our profit: I have new lodg'd a prey
Hard by, that, taken, is so fat and rich,
'Twill make us leave off trading, and fall to purchase.

Harp. Who is't? speak quickly.

Ron. Where, good Albumazar?

Alb. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as o'd as foolish.
The poor remnant of whose brain that age had left him,
The doting love of a young girl hath dried:
And which concerns us most, he gives firm credit
To necromancy and astrology,

Enter Furbo.

Sending to me, as one that promise both.
Pandolfo is the man.

Harp. What, old Pandolfo!

Alb. The same: but stay, yon's Furbo, whose smoothest
brow

Shines with good news, and's visage promises

Triumphs and trophies to us. [Furbo plays.

Ron. My life hea's learnt out all, I know't by's
musick.

Then Furbo sin's this song.

Bear up thy learned brew, Alb:mazar;
Live long of all the world admir'd,
For art profound, and skill retir'd,
To cheating by the height of stars,

Hence

ALBUMAZAR.

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*Hence gypsies, hence, hence rogues of baser strain,
That hazard life for little gain :
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afar
At the rare skill of great Albumazar.*

Furbo. Albumazar,
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowl abundance :
Pandolfo's ours, I understand his busines,
Which I filcht closely from him, while he reveal'd
T'his man his purposes and projects.

Alb. Excellent !

Furbo. Thanks to this instrument : for in pretence
Of teaching young Sulpitia, th' old man's daughter,
I got access to th' house, and while I waited
Till she was ready, over-heard Pandolfo
Open his secrets to his servant : thus 'tis.
Antonio, Pandolfo's friend and neighbour,
Before he went to Barbary, agreed
To give in marriage —

Alb. Furbo, this is no place
Fit to consider curious points of busines,
Come, let's away, I'll hear't at large above.
Ronca, stay you below, and entertain him
With a loud noise of my deep skill in art,
Thou know'st my rosy modesty cannot do it.
Harpax, up you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purposes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning.

Harpax. Yes, yes.

Furbo. Yes, sir.

Furbo goes out singing, *Fa la la, Pandolfo's ours.*

Act. I. Scen. 2.

Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Ron. **T**HERE'S old Pandolfo, amorous as youthful May,

And gray as January. I'll attend him here.

Pan. Cricca, I seek thy aid, not thy croſs counſel ;
I am mad in love with Flavia, and muſt have her :
Thou ſpend'ſt thy reaſons to the contrary,
Like arrows againſt an anvil : I love Flavia,
And muſt have Flavia.

Cricca. Sir, you have no reaſon,
She's a young girl of fifteen, you of ſixty.

Pan. I have no reaſon, nor ſpare room for any,
Love's harbinger hath chalkt upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain, for Flavia,
This house is wholly taken up for Flavia.
Let reaſon get a lodging with her wit :
Vex me no more, I muſt have Flavia.

Cricca. But fir, her brother Lelio, under whose charge
She's now after her father's death, ſware boldly
Pandolfo never muſt have Flavia.

Pan. His father, e'er he went to Barbary,
Promis'd her me : who be he live or dead,
Spight of a list of Lelio's, Pandolfo
Shall enjoy Flavia.

Cricca. Sir, y're too old.

Pan. I muſt confeſſ in years about threescore,
But in tough strength of body, four and twenty,
Or two months leſs. Love of young Flavia,
More powerful than Medea's drugs, renews
All decay'd parts of man : my arteries
Blown full with youthful ſpirits, move the blood
To a new buſineſſ : my wither'd nerves grow plump
And ſtrong, longing for action. Hence, thou poor prop
Of feebleneſſ and age : walk with ſuch fires
As with cold palfies ſhake away their strength,
And loſe their legs with cureleſſ gouts. Pandolfo

New

New moulded is for revels, masks, and musick. Cricca,
 String my neglected lute, and from my armory
 Scour my best sword, companion of my youth,
 Without which I seem naked.

Cricca. Your love, sir, like strong water,
 To a deplor'd sick man, quicks your feeble limbs
 For a poor moment: but after one night's lodging,
 You'll fall so dull and cold, that Flavia
 Will shriek and leap from bed as from a sepulchre.
 Shall I speak plainer, sir? she'll cuckold you,
 Alas! she'll cuckold you.

Pan. What me? a man of known discretion,
 Of riches, years, and this gray gravity?
 I'll satisfy'r with gold, rich clothes, and jewels.

Cricca. Wer't not far fitter urge your son Eugenio
 To woo her for himself?

Pan. Cricca, be gone.
 Touch no more there: I will, and must have Flavia.
 Tell Lelio, if he grant me his sister Flavia,
 I'll give my daughter to him in exchange.
 Be gone, and find me her within this half hour,

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Ronca, Pandolfo.

Ron. **T**IS well that servant's gone: I shall the
 easier
 Wind up his master to my purposes.

Pan. Sure this is some novice of th' artillery,
 That winks and shoots: sir, prime, prime your piece a-
 new,
 The powder's wet.

[Knocks at the door.]

Ronca. A good ascendent bless me: sir, are you fran-
 tick?

Pan. Why frantick? are not knockes the lawful courses
 To open doors and ears?

Ronca. Of vulgar men and houses.

Pan. Whose lodging's this? is't not the astrologer's?

Ron. His lodging? no: 'tis the learn'd phrontisterion
Of most divine Albumazar!

Pan. Good sir,
If the door break, a better shall redeem it.

Ronca. How! all your land sold at a hundred years
purchase

Cannot repair the damage of one poor rap!
To thunder at the phrontisterion
Of great Albumazar!

Pan. Why, man, what harm?

Ronca. Sir, you must know my master's heav'nly brain,
Pregnant with mysteries of metaphysics,
Grows to an embryo of rare contemplation,
Which at ful time brought forth, excels by far
The armed fruit of Vulcan's midwifry,
That leapt from Jupiter's mighty cranium.

Pan. What of all this?

Ronca. Thus one of your bold thunders may abortive,
And cause that birth miscarry, that might have prov'd
An instrument of wonders, greater and rarer
Than Appollonius the magician wrought.

Pan. Are you your master's countryman?

Ronca. Yes: why ask you?

Pan. Then must I get an interpreter for your language.

Ronca. You need not; with a wind instrument my
master made,
In five days you may breathe ten languages,
As perfect as the devil or himself.

Pan. When may I speak with him?

Ronca. When't please the stars.
He pulls you not a hair, nor pares a nail,
Nor stirs a foot without due figuring
The horoscope. Sit down awhile, and't please you,
I see the heavens incline to his approach.

Pan. What's this, I pray you?

Ronca. An engine to catch stars,
A mace to arrest such planets as have lurk'd
Four thousand years under protection
Of Jupiter and Sol.

Pan.

Pan. Pray you speak English.

Ron. Sir, 'tis a perspicil, the best under heaven :
With this I'll read a leaf of that small Iliad
That in a walnut-shell was desk'd, as plainly
Twelve long miles off, as you see Paul's from Highgate.

Pan. Wouderful workman of so rare an instrument !

Ron. 'Twill draw the moon so near, that you would
swear

The bush of thorns in't pricks your eyes : the crystal
Of a large arch multiplies millions,
Works more than by point-blank, and by refractions.
Optick and strange, searcheth like the eye of truth,
All closets that have windows. Have at Rome,
I see the Pope, -his cardinals, and his mule,
The English college and the Jesuits,
And what they write and do.

Pan. Let me see too.

Ron. So far you cannot : for this glass is fram'd
For eyes of thirty ; you are nigh threescore.
But for some fifty miles 'twill serve you,
With help of a refractive glass that's yonder.
For trial, sir, where are you now ?

Pan. In London.

Ron. Ha' you found the glass within that chamber ?

Pan. Yes.

Ron. What see you ?

Pan. Wonders, wonders ! I see as in a landskip
An honourable throng of noble persons,
As clear as I were under the same roof :
Seems by their gracious brows, and courteous looks
Something they see, which if it be indifferent
They'll favourably accept, if otherwise
They'll pardon : who or what they be, I know not.

Ron. Why that's the court at Cambridge, forty miles
hence. - What else ?

Pan. A hall thrust full of bare heads, some bald, some
bush'd,
Some bravely branch'd.

Ron. That's the university
Larded with townsmen. Look you there, what now ?

Pan.

Pan. What? I see Dover pier, a man now landing,
Attended by two porters that seem to groan
Under the burden of two loads of paper.

Ron. That's Coriatus Perficus, and's observations
Of Asia and Africk.

Pan. The price?

Ron. I dare not sell't.

But here's another of a stranger virtue.
The great Albumazar by wond'rous art,
In imitation of this perspicil,
Hath fram'd an instrument that magnifies
Objects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,
That you may know each whisper from Prester John
Against the wind, as fresh as 'twere deliver'd
Through a trunk, or Gloster's lift'ning wall.

Pan. And may I see it, sir? bless me once more.

Ron. 'Tis something ceremonious; but you shall try't.
Stand thus. What hear you?

Pan. Nothing.

Ron. Set your hands thus,
That the vertex of the organ may perpendicularly
Point out our zenith. What hear you now? ha, ha, ha.

Pan. A humming noise of laughter.

Ron. Why that's the court
And univeristy, that now are merry
With an old gentleman in a comedy. What now?

Pan. Celestial musick, but it seems far off.
Lift, lift, 'tis nearer now.

Ron. 'Tis musick 'twixt the acts. What now?

Pan. Nothing.

Ron. And now?

Pan. Musick again, and strangely delicate,
O most angelical! they sing.

Ron. And now?

*Sing sweetly that our notes may cause
The heavenly orbs themselves to pause:
And at our musick stand as still,
As at Jove's amorous will.
So now release them as before,
Th' have waited long enough; no more.*

Pan. 'Tis gone, give me't again.—O do not so.

Ron. What hear you now?

Pan. No more than a dead oyster.

O let me see this wond'rous instrument.

Ron. Sir, this is called an otacoufticon.

Pan. A coufticon?

Why 'tis a pair of as's ears, and large ones.

Ron. True; for in such a form the great Albumazar
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit't receivers
Of sounds, as spectacles like eyes for fight.

Pan. What gold will buy it?

Ron. I'll sell it you when 'tis finish'd.

As yet the epiglottis is unperfect.

Pan. Soon as you can, and here's ten crowns in earnest.
For when 'tis done, and I have purchas'd it,
I mean to entail it on my heirs male for ever,
Spite of the ruptures of the common law.

Ron. Nay, rather give it to Flavia for her jointure:
For she that marries you, deserves it richly.

Act. I. Scen. 4.

Crica, Pandolfo, Ronca.

Cric. SIR, I have spoke with Lelio, and he answers.

Pan. Hang Lelio, and his answers. Come hither, Crica.

Wonder for me, admire, and be astonish'd,
Marvel thyself to marble at these engines,
These strange Gorgonian instruments.

Cric. At what?

Pan. At this rare perspicil and otacoufticon:
For with these two I'll hear and see all secrets,
Undo intelligencers. Pray let my man see
What's done in Rome; his eyes are just as yours are.

Ron. Pandolfo, are you mad? be wise and secret;
See you the steep danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that these instruments have power
To unlock the hidden'st closets of whole states?

And.

And you reveal such misteries to a servant?
Sir, be advised, or else you learn no more
Of our unknown philosophy.

Pan. Enough.

What news from Lelio? shall I have his sister?

Cric. He swears and vowed he never will consent.
She shall not play with worn antiquities,
Nor lie with snow and statues? and such replies
That I omit for reverence of your worship.

Pan. Not have his sister? Cricca, I will have Flavia,
Maugre his head: by means of this astrologer
I'll enjoy Flavia. Are the stars yet inclin'd
To his divine approach?

Ron. One minute brings him.

Cric. What astrologer?

Pan. The learned man I told thee,
The high almanack of Germany, an Indian
Far beyond Trebesond and Tripoli,
Close by the world's end: a rare conjurer,
And great astrologer. His name, pray sir?

Ron. Albumazarro Meteoroscopico.

Cric. A name of force to hang him without trial.

Pan. As he excels in science, so in title.
He tells of lost plate, horses, and stray'd cattel,
Directly, as he had stol'n them all himself.

Cric. Or he, or some of his confederates.

Pan. As thou respects thy life, look to thy tongue,
Albumazar has an otacoufticon.
Be silent, reverend, and admire his skill.
See what a promising countenance appears!
Stand still and wonder, wonder and stand still.

Act. I. Scen. 5.

Albumazar, Ronca, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. RONCA, the bunch of planets new found
out
Hanging at the end of my best perspicil,
Send.

Send them to Galilæo at Padua :

Let him bestow them where he please. But the stars
Lately discover'd 'twixt the horns of Aries,
Are as a present for Pandolfo's marriage,
And hence stil'd Sidera Pando'fæa,

Pan. My marriage, Cricca ! he foretold my marriage :
O most celestial Albumazar !

Cric. And sends y' a present from the head of Aries.

Alb. My almanack made for the meridian
And height of Japan, give't th' East-India company ;
There may they smell the price of cloves and pepper,
Monkeys and China dishes five years ensuing,
And know the success of the voyage of Magores ;
For in the volume of the firmament,
We children of the stars read things to come,
As clearly as poor mortals stories past
In Speed or Hollinghead.

Ron. The perpetual motion
With a true 'larum in't to run twelve hours
'Fore Mahomet's return.

Alb. Deliver it safe
To a Turkey factor, bid him with care present it
From me to the house of Ottoman.

Ron. I will, sir.

Cric. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for me,
Be astonish'd at his Gorgon, for I cannot.
Upon my life he proves a meer impostor.

Pan. Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.

Alb. As for the issue of the next summer's war,
Reveal't to none, keep it to thyself in secret,
As a touch-stone of my skill in prophesy. Begone.

Ron. I go, sir.

Alb. Signior Pandolfo, I pray you pardon me,
Exotical dispatches of great consequence
Staid me ; and casting the nativity
O' th' Cham of Tartary, and a private conference.
With a mercurial intelligence.
Y'are welcome in a good hour, better minute,
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fifth, and scruples
Let the twelve houses of the horoscope

Be lodg'd with fortitudes and fortunates,
To make you blest in your designs, Pandolfo.

Pan. Were't not much trouble to your starry employments,

I a poor mortal would intreat your furtherance
In a terrestrial busines.

Alb. My emphemeris lies,
Or I foresee your errand : thus, 'tis thus.
You had a neighbour call'd Antonio,
A widower like yourself, whose only daughter,
Flavia, you love, and he as much admir'd
Your child Sulpitia. Is not this right ?

Pan. Yes, sir : O strange ! Cricca, admire in silence.

Alb. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purpos'd to truck daughters. Is't not so ?

Pan. Just as you say't. Cricca, admire and wonder.

Cric. This is no such secret : look to yourself, he'll
cheat you.

Alb. Antonio, after this match concluded,
Having great sums of gold in Barbary,
Desires of you, before he consummate
The rites of matrimony, he might go thither
For three months ; but now 'tis three and three
Since he embark'd, and is not yet return'd ;
Now, sir, your busines is to me, to know
Whether Antonio be dead or living.
I'll tell you instantly.

Pan. Hast thou reveal'd it ?
I told it none but thee.

Cric. Not I.

Pan. Why stare you ?
Are you not well ?

Alb. I wander 'twixt the poles
And heavenly hinges, 'mongst excentricals,
Centers, concentricks, circles, and epicycles.
To hunt out an aspect fit for your busines.

Cric. Mean ostentation ! for shame awake yourself.

Alb. And since the lamp of heaven is newly entred
Into Cancer, old Antonio is stark dead,
Drown'd in the sea, ston'd dead ; for *radius directorius*

In the sixth house ; and the waining moon by Capri-
corn,

He's dead, he's dead.

Cric. 'Tis an ill time to marry.

The moon grows fork'd, and walks with Capricorn.

Pan. Peace, fool ; these words are full of mystery,

Alb. What ominous face, and dismal countenance,
Mark'd for disasters, hated of all the heavens,
Is this that follows you ?

Pan. He is my servant,
A plain and honest speaker ; but no harm in him.

Cric. What see you in my face ?

Alb. Horror and darknes, death and gallowses :
I'd swear thou wert hang'd, stood'st thou but two foot
higher ;

But now the stars threaten a nearer death.

Sir, send to toll his knell.

Pan. What, is he dead ?

Alb. He shall be, by the dint of many stabs ;
Only I spy a little hope of 'scaping
Thro' the clouds, and foul aspects of death.

Cric. Sir, pray give no credit to this cheater ;
Or, with his words of art, he'll make you dote
As much on his feign'd skill, as on fair Flavia.

Act. I. Scen. 6.

Harpax, Furbo, Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Har. STAY, villain, stay ; tho' safety 'tself defend
Thou diest. [thee,

Furb. Come, do thy worst, thrust ~~sure~~ or die.

Cric. For heaven's sake, gentlemen, stay your hands :
help, help,

Help, Albumazar.

Harp. Thus to the hinderer
Of my revenge.

Cric. Save me, Albumazar.

Furb. And thus, and thus, and thus.

Cric.

Cric. Master, I die, I die.

Harp. Flyest thou, base coward ? 'Tis not thy heels
can save thee.

Act. I. Scen. 7.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Cric. O H, oh !

Pan. What ails thee, Cricca ?

Cric. I am dead, I am dead.

Trouble yourself no more,

Pan. What dead, and speak'st ?

Cric. Only there's left a little breath to tell you.

Pan. Why, where art hurt ?

Cric. Stab'd with a thousand daggers ;

My heart, my lights, my liver, and my skin,

Pierc'd like a sieve.

Pan. Here's not a wound : stand up,

'Tis but thy fear.

Cric. 'Tis but one wound all over :

Softly, oh, softly. You have lost the truest servant.

Farewel, I die.

Alb. Live by my courtesy ; stand up and breathe.

The dangerous and malignant influence is past ;

But thank my charity that put by the blows,

The least of which threaten'd a dozen graves.

Now learn to scoff divine astrology,

And slight her servants.

Cric. A surgeon, good sir, a surgeon.

Pan. Th'art well, th'art well.

Cric. Now I perceive I am :

I pray you pardon me, divine astrologer.

Alb. I do : but henceforth laugh at astrology,

And call her servant cheaters.

Pan. Now, to our business. On good Albumazar.

Alb. Now, since the moon passeth from Capricorn,

Thro' Aquarius, to the watry sign of Pisces,

Antonio,

Antonio's drown'd, and is devour'd by fishes.

Pan. Is't certain?

Alb. Certain.

Pan. Then let my earnestnes

Intreat your skill a favour.

Alb. It shall. But first

I'll tell you what you mean to ask me.

Pan. Strange!

Alb. Antonio dead, that promis'd you his daughter,
Your busines is to intreat me raise his ghost,
And force it to stay at home, 'till it have perform'd
The promise past, and so return to rest.

Pan. That, that, ye'ave hit it, most divine Albumazar.

Alb. "Tis a hard thing ; for *deprivacione ad habitum non datur regressus.*

O what a busines, what a master-piece
'Tis to raise up his ghost, whose body's eaten
By fish ! This work desires a planetary intelligence
Of Jupiter and Sol, and these great spirits
Are proud, fantastical. It askes much charges
To entice them from the guiding of their ipheres,
To wait on mortals,

Pan. So I may have my purpose, spare for no cost.

Alb. Sir, spare your purse ; I'll do it an easier way ;
The work shall cost you nothing.
We have an art is call'd *præstigiatory*,
That deals with spirits, and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose service craves small charges : with one of these
I'll change some servant, or good friend of yours,
To the perfect shape of this Antonio ;
So like in face, behaviour, speech, and action,
That all the town shall swear Antonio lives.

Pan. Most necromantical astrologer,
Do this, and take me for your servant ever.
And for your pains, after the transformation,
This chain is yours : it cost two hundred pound,
Beside the jewel.

Alb. After the work is finish'd ! then how now ?
What lines are these that look sanguineous,

As

As if the stars conjur'd to do you mischiefs ?

Pan. How, mean you me ?

Alb. They're dusky marks of Saturn :
It seems some stone shall fall upon your head,
Threat'ning a fracture of the pericranium.

Pan. Cricca, come hither ; fetch me my staff again ;
Threescore and ten's return'd : a general palsy
Shakes out the love of Flavia with a fear.

Is there no remedy ?

Alb. Nothing but patience.

The planet threatens so, whose prey you are.
The stars and planets daily war together ;
For, should they stand at truce but one half hour,
This wond'rous machine of the world would ruin :
Who can withstand their powerful influence ?

Pan. You with your wisdom, good Albumazar.

Alb. Indeed, th' Egyptian Ptolomy the wise,
Pronounc'd it as an oracle of truth, *sapiens dominabitur astris.*

Who's above there ? Ronca, bring down the cap
Made in the point of Mercury being ascendant.
Here, put it on ; and in your hand this image,
Fram'd on a Tuesday, when the fierce God of war
Mounted th' horizon in the sign of Aries.
With these walk as unwounded as Achilles,
Dipt by his mother Thetis.

Par. You bind me to your service,

Alb. Next get the man you purpose to transform,
And meet me here.

Pan. I will not fail to find you,

Alb. Mean while, with scioferical instrument,
By way of azimuth and almicantarath,
I'll seek some happy point in heaven for you.

Par. I rest your servant, sir.

Alb. Let all the stars

Guide you with most propitious influence.

Act. I. Scen. 8.

Pandolfo, Cricca.

Pan. **H**ERE's a strange man, indeed, of skill profound !

How right he knew my busines 'fore he saw me !
And how thou scoff'ſt him when we talk'd in private !
'Tis a brave instrument his otacouſticon.

Cric. In earnest, fir, I took him for a cheater ;
As many, under name of cunning men,
With promise of astrology, much abuse
The gaping vulgar, wronging that sacred skill
That in the stars reads all our actions.

Pan. Are there no arches o'er our heads ? Look,
Cricca.

Cric. None but the arch of heaven ; that cannot fall.

Pan. Is not that made of marble ? I have read
A ſtone dropt from the moon ; and much I fear
The fit ſhould take her now, and void another.

Cric. Fear nothing, fir ; this charm'd mercurial cap
Shields from the fall of mountains ; 'tis not a ſtone
Can check his art : walk boldly.

Pan. I do. Let's in.

Finis Act. I.



Act. II. Scen. I.

Tricalo, Armellina

Trin. **H**E that faith I am not in love, he lies *de cap a pie* ; for I am idle, choicely neat in my clothes, valiant, and extreme witty. My meditations are loaded with metaphors, songs, and ſonnets ; not a dog shakes

shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion : thus do I to my mistress ; but, alas, I kiss the dog, and she kicks me. I never see a young wanton filly, but say I, there goes Armellina ; nor a lusty strong asf, but I remember myself, and sit down to consider, what a goodly race of mules would inherit, if she were welling : only I want utterance, and that's a main mark of love too,

Arm. Trincalo, Trincalo.

Trin. O, 'tis Armellina ! Now if she have the wit to begin, as I mean she should, then will I confound her with compliments, drawn from the plays I see at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learn all the words I speak and understand not.

Arm. Trincalo, what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band's so stiff and yellow?--not a word--Why, Trincalo, what busines in town? how do all at Tottenham?—grown mute?—What do you bring from the country?

Trin. There 'tis. Now are my flood gates drawn, and I'll surround her.—What have I brought, sweet bit of beauty? a hundred thousand salutations o' th' elder house to your most illustrious honour and worship.

Arm. To me these titles? Is your basket full of nothing else?

Trin. Full of the fruits of love, most resplendent lady; a present to your worthiness from your worship's poor vassal Trincalo.

Arm. My life on't, he scrap'd these compliments from his cart the last load he carried for the progress. What ha' you read, that makes you grow so eloquent?

Trin. Sweet madam, I read nothing but the lines of your ladyship's countenance ; and desire only to kiss the skirts of your garments, if you vouchsafe me not the happiness of your white hands.

Arm. Come, give's your basket, and take it.

Trin. O sweet ! now will I never wash my mouth after, nor breathe but at my nostrils, lest I lose the taste of her fingers. Armellina, I must tell you a secret, if you'll make much on't.

Arm. As it deserves. What is't?

Trin.

Trin. I love you, dear morsel of modesty, I love you ; and so truly, that I'll make you mistress of my thoughts, lady of my revenues, and commit all my moveables into your hands ; that is, I'll give you an earnest kiss in the highway of matrimony.

Arm. Is this the end of all this business ?

Trin. This is the end of all this business, most beautiful, and most worthy to be most beautiful lady.

Arm. Hence, fool, hence.

Trin. Why, now she knows my meaning, let it work. She put up the fruit in her lap, and threw away the basket : 'tis a plain sign she abhors the words, and embraces the meaning. O lips, no lips, but leaves besmeard with mel-dew ! O dew, no dew, but drops of honey-combs ! O combs, no combs, but fountains full of tears ! O tears, no tears, but —

Act II. Scen. 2.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. **C**Ricca denies me : no persuasions, Proffers, rewards, can work him to transform. Yonder's my country farmer, Trincalo : Never in fitter time, good Trincalo.

Trin. Like a lean horse t' a fresh and lusty pasture.

Pan. What rent do' st pay me for thy farm at Totnam?

Trin. Ten pound ; and find it too dear a penyworth.

Pan. My hand, here. Take it rent-free for three lives,

To serve me in a business I'll employ thee.

Trin. Serve you ? I'll serve, reserve, conserve, preserve,

Deserve you for th' one half. O Armellina, A jointure, ha, a jointure ! What's your employment ?

Pan. Here's an astrologer has a wond'rous secret, To transform men to other shapes and persons.

Trin. How, transform things to men ? I'll bring nine
taylors,
Refus'd last muster, shall give five marks a-piece
To shape three men of service out of all,
And grant him the remnant shreds above the bargain.

Pan. Now, if thou'l let him change thee, take this
lease,

Drawn ready ; put what lives thou pleaseſt.

Trin. Stay, ſir.

Say I am transform'd ; who ſhall enjoy the lease,
I, or the person I muſt turn to ?

Pan. Thou,
Thou. The reſemblance laſts but one whole day ;
Then home true farmer, as thou wert before.

Trin. Where ſhall poor Trincalo be ? how's this,
transform'd ?

Transmuted, how ? not I. I love myſelf
Better than ſo : there's no lease. I'd not venture
For the whole feeſimple.

Pan. Tell me the diſference
Betwixt a fool and a wife man.

Trin. As 'twixt your worship and myſelf.

Pan. A wife man
Accepts all fair occasions of advancement,
Flies no commodity for fear of danger,
Ventures and gains, lives eaſily, drinks good wine,
Fares neatly, is richly cloath'd, in worthieſt company ;
While your poor fool and clown, for fear of peril,
Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to bedward,
And wakes all night for want of moifture.

Trin. Well, ſir,
I'd rather ſtarve in this my lov'd image,
Than hazard thus my life for others looks,
Change is a kind of death, I dare not try it.

Pan. 'Tis not ſo dangerous as thou tak'ſt it ; we'll
only

Alter thy count'nce for a day. Imagine
Thy face mask'd only ; or that thou dream'ſt all night
Thou wer't apparel'd in Antonio's form.
And, waking, find thyſelf true Trincalo.

Trin.

Trin. Antonio's form ! was not Antonio a gentleman ?
Pan. Yes, and a neighbour ; that's his house.

Trin. O ho !

Now do I smell th' astrologer's trick : he'll steep me
 In soldier's blood, or boil me in a caldron
 Of barbarous law French ; or anoint me over
 With supple oil of great mens services ;
 For these three means raise yeomen to the gentry.
 Pardon me, sir ; I hate those medicines. Fie !
 All my posterity will smell and taste on't,
 Long as the house of Trincalo endures.

Pan. There's no such busines ; thou shalt only seem
 so,

nd thus deceive Antonio's family.

ATrin. Are you assur'd ? 'twould grieve me to be
 bray'd
 In a huge mortar, wrought to paste, and moulded
 To this Antonio's mould. Grant I be turn'd : what
 then ?

Pan. Enter his house, be reverenc'd by his servants,
 And give his daughter Flavia to me in marriage.
 The circumstances I'll instruct thee after.

Trin. Pray give me leave : this side says do't, this do
 not.

Before I leave you, Tom Trincalo, take my counsel :
 Thy mistress Armellina is Antonio's maid,
 And thou, in his shape, mayst posses her : turn.
 But if I be Antonio, then Antonio
 Enjoys that happiness, not Trincalo.

A pretty trick to make myself a cuckold !
 No, no ; there, take your lease. I'll hang first. Soft,
 Be not so choleric, Thomas. If I become Antonio,
 Then all his Riches follow. This fair occasion
 Once vanish'd, hope not the like ; of a stark clown,
 I shall appear speck and span a gentleman.

A pox of ploughs and carts, and whips and horses.
 Then Armellina shall be given to Trincalo,
 Threè hundred crowns her portion. We'll get a boy,
 And call him Transformation Trincalo :
 I'll do't, sir.

Pet. Art resolv'd?

Trin. Resolv'd! 'tis done;

With this condition: after I have given your worship
My daughter Flavia, you shall then move my worship,
And much intreat me, to bestow my maid
Upon myself, I should say Trincalo.

Pan. Content; and, for thy sake, will make her por-
tion

Two hundred crowns.

Trin. Now are you much deceiv'd:
I never meant it.

Pan. How?

Trin. I did but jest;
And yet, my hand, I'll do't: for I am mutable,
And therefore apt to change. Come, come, sir, quickly,
Let's to th' astrologer, and there transform,
Reform, conform, deform me at your pleasure.
I loath this country countenance. Dispatch: my skin
Itches, like snakes in April, to be cut off.
Quickly, O quickly, as you love Flavia, quickly.

Act II. Scen. 3.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Ronca, Trincalo.

Alb. **S**ignior Pandolfo, y' arrive in happiest hour:
If the seven planets were your nearest kindred,
And all the constellations your allies;
Were the twelve houses, and the inns o' th' zodiack,
Your own fee-simple, they could ne'er have chos'en
A fitter place to favour your desires.
For the great luminaries look from Hilech,
And midst of heaven, in angles, conjunctions,
And fortunate aspects, a trine and sextile,
Ready to pour propitious influences.

Pan. Thanks to your power and courtesy, that so
plac'd them.
That is the man that's ready for the busines.

Alb.

Alb. Of a most happy count'nance, and timber fit
To square to th' gentry : his looks as apt for changing,
As he were cover'd with chameleons skins.

Trin. Except my hands, and 'twill be troublesome
To fit these fingers to Antonio's gloves.

Pan. Pray let's about the work as soon as may be.

Alb. First chuse a large low room, whose door's full
East,

Or near inclining : for th' oriental quarter's
Most bountiful of favours.

Pan. I have a parlour.
Of a great square, and height as you desire it.

Alb. Southward must look a wide and spacious win-
dow :

For howsoever Omar, Alchabitius,
Hali, Albenezra, seem something to dissent ;
Yet Zoroastres, son of Oromafus,
Hiarcha, Brachman, Thespion, Gymnosophist,
Gebir, and Budda Babylonicus,
With all the subtle Cabalists and Chaldees,
Swear the best influence for our metamorphosis,
Stoops from the South, or, as some say, South-east.

Pan. This room's as fit as you had made it of purpose.
Trin. Now do I feel the calf of my right leg
Tingle, dwindle to th' smallness of a bed-staff.
Such a speech more, turns my high shoes strait boots.

Ron. Ne'er were those aithors cited to better purpos.
For, thro' that window, all Pandolfo's treasures
Must take their flight, and fall upon my shoulders.

Alb. Now if this light meridional had a large case-
ment,
That over-look'd some unfrequented alley,
'Twere much more proper; for th' intelligences
Are nice and coy, scorning to mix their essence
With throng'd disturbance of crois multitudes.

Ron. Spoken by art, Albumazar ; a provident setter ;
For so shall we receive what thou hand'st out,
Free from discovery. But, in my conscience,
All windows point fit south for such a busines.

Pan. Go to my house, satisfy your curious choice ;
B 3 But,

But, credit me, this parlour's fit ; it neighbours
To a blind alley, that, in busiest term-time,
Feels not the footing of one passenger.

Alb. Now then declining from Theourgia,
Artenosaria, Pharmacia, rejecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coscinomancy,
With other vain and superstitious sciences,
We'll anchor at the art prestigiatory,
That represents one figure for another,
With smooth deceit abusing th' eyes of mortals.

Trin. O my right arm ! 'tis alter'd ; and methinks
Longs for a sword. These words have slain a plow-
man.

Alb. And since the moon's the only planet changing,
For from the Neomenia, in seven days,
To the Dicotima, in seven more to th' Pauselinum,
And in as much from Plenilunium
Thorow Dicotima to Neomenia,
'Tis she must help us in this operation.

Trin. What towns are these ? The strangeness of these
names

Hath scal'd the marks of many a painful harvest,
And made my new peel'd finger itch for dice.

Pan. Deeply consider'd, wond'rous Albumazar !
O let me kiss those lips that flow with science.

Alb. For, by her various looks she intimates
To understanding souls, that only she
Hath pow'r t' effect a true formation.
Cause then your parlour to be kept carefully,
Wash'd, rubb'd, perfum'd, hang'd round, from top to
bottom,
With pure white lunary tap'stry, or needle-work ;
But if 'twere cloth of silver, 'twere much better.

Ron. Good good ! a rich beginning : good ! what's
next ?

Alb. Spread all the floor with finest Holland sheets,
And over them fair damask table-cloths ;
Above all these, draw me chaste virgins' aprons :
The room, the work, and work' ~~it~~ must be pure.

Trin. With virgins' aprons ? the whole compass of
this city cannot

Cannot afford a dozen.

Ron. So, there's shirts
And bands to furnish all on's for a twelve-month.

Alb. An altar in the midst, loaded with plate
Of silver basons, ewers, cups, candlesticks,
Flaggons, and beakers, salts, chargers, casting-bottles.
'Twere not amiss to mix some bowls of gold,
So they be massy, the better to resemble
The lovely brotherhood of Sol and Luna :
Also some diamonds for Jupiter.
For by the whiteness, and bright sparkling lustres,
We allure th'intelligences to descend.

Ron. Furbo and I are those intelligences
That must attend upon the mystery.

Alb. Now for the ceremonious sacrifice,
Provide such creatures as the moon delights in ;
Two fucking lambs, white as the Alpine snow :
Yet if they have a mole or two, 'twill pass :
The moon herself wants not her spots.

Pan. 'Tis true.

Ron. Were they hell-black, we'd make a shift to eat
them.

Alb. White capons, pheasants, pigeons : one little
black-bird
Would stain and spoil the work. Get several wines
To quench the holy embers : Rhenish, Greek wine,
White Muskadel, Sherry, and rich Canary,
So't be not grown too yellow ; for the quicker,
Brisker, and older, the better for these ceremonies :
The more abundance, sooner shall we finish.
For 'tis our rule, in such like businesse,
Who spares most, spends most. Either this must do't,
Or th'revolution of five hundred years
Cannot : so fit are all the heavens to help us.

Ron. A thousand thanks ! thou'l make a complete
cheat,
Thus, loaded with this treasure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthen'd with meat, we'll carry thee in triumph,
As the great general of our achievement.

Pan. Sir, for rich plate and jewels I have store ;

But know not how to furnish you with hangings.

Alb. Cannot you borrow from the shops ? Four hours
Shall render all as fair as you receiv'd it.

Pan. That can I easily do.

Alb. And here you sit :

If you chance meet with boxes of white comfits,
Marchpane, and dry fucket, macaroons, and diet-bread,
'Twill help on well.

Ron. To furnish out our banquet.

Alb. I had clean forgot ; we must have ambergrise,
The grayest can be found, some dozen ounces ;
I'll ate but half a dram ; but 'tis our fashion
T' offer a little from a greater lump.

Pan. All shall be done with expedition.

Alb. And, when your man's transform'd, the chain
you promis'd

Pan. My hand ; My deeds shall wait upon my pro-
mise.

Alb. Lead then, with happy foot, to view the
chamber.

Pan. I go, sir. Trincalo, attend us here,
And not a word, on peril of thy life.

Trin. Sir, if they kill me, I'll not stir a foot ;
And, if my tongue's pull'd out, not speak a word.

Act. II. Scen. 4.

Trincalo, Cricca.

Trin. O What busness 'tis to be transform'd !
My master talks of four and twenty hours ;
But, if I miss these flags of yeomanry,
Gilt in the stead, and shine in the bloom of gentry,
'Tis not their 'strology, nor sacrifice,
Shall force me cast that coat. I'll ne'er part with't,
Till I be sheriff of th' county, and in commission
Of peace and quorum. Then will I get m' a clerk,
A practis'd fellow, wiser than my worship,

And

And domineer amongst my fearful neighbours,
And feast them bountifully with their own bribes.

Cric. Trincalo !

Trin. T' wear a gold chain at every quarter sessions,
Look big, and grave, and speak not one wise word.

Cric. Trincalo !

Trin. Examine wenches got with child, and curiously
Search all the circumstances : have blank mittimusses
Printed in readiness ; breathe nought but firrah,
Rogue, ha ? how ? hum ? constable, look to your charge,
Then vouch a statute, and a Latin sentence,
Wide from the matter.

Cric. Trincalo !

Trin. Licence all ale-houses,
Match my son Transformation t' a knight's daughter,
And buy a bouncing pedigree of a Welch herald : and
then—

Cric. What in such serious meditations ?

Trin. Faith no ; but building castles in the air,
While th' weather's fit : O Cricca, such a business !

Cric. What is't ?

Trin. Nay soft, they're secrets of my master ;
Lock'd in my breast : he has the key at's purse strings.

Cric. My master's secret ? keep it, good farmer,
keep it,

I would not lend an ear to't, if thou didst hire me,
Farewell.

Trin. O how it boils and swells ! if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t'impostume in my breast, and choak me.
Cricca !

Cric. Adieu, good Trincalo ; the secrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't.

Trin. But hear'lt thou,
Say I should tell, canst keep't as close as I do ?

Cric. Yes : but I had rather want it. Adieu.

Trin. Albumazar —

Cric. Farewell.

Trin. Albumazar —

Cric. Pr'ythee.

Trin. Albumazar,

Th'astrologer hath undertook to change me
T'Antonio's shape : this done, must I give Flavia
To my old master, and his maid to Trincalo.

Cric. But where's Pandolfo and Albumazar ?

Trin. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting
For transmutation.—So, now my heart's at ease.

Cric. I fear the skill and cunning of Albumazar
With his black art, by whom Pandolfo seeks
To compass Flavia, spight of her brother Lelio,
And his own son Eugenio that loves her dearly.
I'll lose no time, but find them, and reveal
The plot and work to cross this accident.
But Trincalo, art thou so rash and vent'rous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life ?

Trin. What care I for a life, that have a lease
For three : but I am certain there's no danger in't.

Cric. No danger ! cut thy finger, and that pains thee ;
Then what will't do to shred and mince thy carkafis,
Bury't in horse-dung, mould it new, and turn it
T'Antonio ? and when th'art chang'd, if Lelio
Smell out your plot, what worlds of punishment
Thou must endure ? Poor Trincalo ! the desire
Of gains abuses thee : be not transform'd.

Cric. Cricca, thou understandest not : for Antonio,
Whom I resemble, suffers all : not I.

Trin. Yonder they come, I'll hence and haste to Lelio.

Act. II. Scen. 5.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca, Trincalo.

Alb. **T**HE chamber's fit : provide the plate and
hangings,
And other necessaries : give strict order
The room be cleans'd, perfum'd, and hang'd ; mean
while,
With astrolabe and meteoroscope,
I'll find the cusp and alfridaria,
And know what planet is in cazimi.

Pan.

Pan. All shall be ready, sir, as you command it.

Trin. Doctor Albumazar, I have a vein of drinking,
And artery of leachery runs through my body:
Pray, when you turn me gentleman, preserve
Those two, if 't may be done with reputation.

Alb. Fear not, I'll only call the first good fellowship,
And th'other civil recreation.

Trin. And when you come to th' heart, spoil not the
love of Armellina;
And in my brain leave as much discretion
As may spy falsehood in a tavern reckoning;
And let me alone for bounty to wink and pay't.
And if you change me perfectly,
I'll bring y'a dozen knights for customers.

Alb. I warrant thee.—Sir, are you well instructed
In all these necessaries?

Pan. They're in my table-book.

Alb. Forget not clothes for th' new transform'd and
robes
For me to sacrifice, you know the fashion.
I'll rather change five, than apparel one:
For men have living souls, clothes are unanimate.

Pan. Here, take this ring, deliver it to my brother,
An officer in the wardrobe, he'll furnish you
With robes and clothes of any stuff or fashion.

Alb. Almuten Alchochoden of the stars attend you.

Pan. I kiss your hands, divine astrologer.

Act. II. Scen. 6.

Pandolfo, Trincalo.

Pan. **U**p quickly, Trincalo, to my child Sulpitia,
Bid her lay out my fairest damask table-
cloths,
The fairest Holland sheets, all the silver plate,
Two gossip's cups of gold: my greatest diamonds:
Make haste.

Trin. As fast as Alchochoden and Almuten
Can carry me : for sure these two are devils.

Pan. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for :
Four hours attendance, till my man be chang'd,
Fast locks me in the lovely arms of Flavia. Away
Trincalo.

How slow the day slides on ! when we desire
Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why, Trincalo !

Trin. Here, sir.

Pan. Come, let's away for cloth of silver,]
Wine and materials for the sacrifice.

ACT. II. SCEN. 7.

Lelio, Eugenio, Cricca.

Le. **E**ugenio, these words are wonders past belief.
Is your old father of so poor a judgment,
To think it in the power of man to turn
One person to another ?

Eug. Lelio, his desire
T' enjoy your sister Flavia, begets hope,
Which like a waking dream, makes false appearance
Lively as truth itself.

Le. But who's the man
That works these miracles ?

Eug. An astrologer,

Le. How deals astrology with transmutation ?

Cric. Under the veil and colour of astrology,
He clouds his hellish skill in necromancy.
Believe it by some art, or false imposture,
He'll much disturb your love, and yours, Eugenio.

Le. Eugenio, tis high time for t'awake.
And as you love our Flavia, and I
Your sister fair Sulpitia ; let's do something
Worthy their beauties. Who falls into a sea

Swoln

Swoln big with tempest, but he boldly bears
 The waves with arms and legs, to save his life ?
 So let us strive 'gainst troublous storms of love.
 With our best power, left after we ascribe
 The los's to our dull negligence, not fortune.

Eug. Lelio, had I no interest in your sister,
 The holy league of friendship should command me,
 Besides the seconding Sulpitia's love,
 Who to your noblenes commands her life.

Le. She cannot out-love me, nor you out-friend me,
 For th' sacred name whereof, I have rejected
 Your father's offers, importunities,
 Letters, conditions, servants, friends, and lastly
 His tender of Sulpitia in exchange
 For Flavia. But though I love your sister
 Like mine own soul ; yet did the laws of friendship
 Master that strong affection, and deny'd him.

Eug. Thanks ever, and as long shall my best service
 Wait on your will. Cricca, our hope's in thee,
 Thou must instruct us.

Cric. You must trust in fortune,
 That makes or mars the wisest purposes.

Le. What fly'it ? what think'it ?
Cric. Here's no great need of thinking,
 Nor speech ; the oil of scorpions cures their poison.
 The thing itself that's bent to hurt and hinder you,
 Offers a remedy : 'tis no sooner known,
 But th' worl' on't is prevented.

Eug. How, good Cricca ?
Cric. Soon as you see this false Antonio
 Come near your doors with speeches made of purpose,
 Full of humility and compassion ;
 With lang narrations how he 'scap'd from shipwreck,
 And other feign'd inventions of his dangers :
 Bid him be gone ; and if he pres's to enter,
 Fear not the reverence of your father's looks,
 Cudgel him thence.

Le. But were't not better, Cricca,
 Keep him fast lockt, till his own shape return,
 And so by open course of law correct him ?

Cric.

Cric. No. For my master would conceive that counfel
Sprung from my brains: and so should I repent it.
Advise no more, but home and charge your people,
That if Antonio come, they drive him thence
With threat'ning words, and blows if need be.

Le. 'Tis done.

I kiss your hands, Eugenio.

Eug. Your fervant, sir.

Act. II. Scen. 8.

Enter Eugenio, Crica, Flavia, as running to Pondoſo.

Eug. **C**rica, commend my service to my mistres.
Cric. Commend it to her yourself. Mark'd
you not while

We talk, how through the window she attended,
And fed her eyes on you? there she is.

Eug. 'True.

And as from nights of storms the glorious sun
Breaks from the east, and chaseth thence the clouds
That choakt the air with horror, so her beauty
Dispells sad darknes from my troubled thoughts,
And clears my heart.

Fla. Life of my soul, well met.

Eug. How is't, my dearest Flavia?

Fla. Eugenio,

As best becomes a woman most unfortunate,
That having lov'd so long, and been perfwaded
Her chaste affection was by yours requited,
Have by delays been famish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your virtue kindled, then y'ad sued,
Intreated, sworn, and vow'd, and long e'er this
Wrought all means possible to effect our marriage.
But now—

Eug. Sweet soul, despair' not, weep not thus,
Unleis you wish my heart should life blood drop,
Fast as your eyes do tears. What is't you fear?

Fla. First, that you love me not.

Eug. Not love my Flavia !

Wrong not your judgment : rip up this amorous breast,
And in that temple see a heart that burns
I'th' vestal sacrifice of chaste love,
Before your beauty's deity.

Fla. If so,

Whence grows this coldness in soliciting
My brother to the match ?

Eug. Consider, sweetest,
I have a father rival in my love ;
And though no duty, reverence nor respect
Have power to change my thoughts ; yet 'tis not comely
With open violence to withstand his will ;
But by fair courses try to divert his mind
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor fear of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall cross our purposes.
Comfort yourself, sweet Flavia : for your brother
Seconds our hopes with his best services.

Fla. But other fears oppres me: methinks I see
Antonio my old father, new return'd,
Whom all intelligence have drown'd this three months,
Enforcing me to marry the fool Pandolfo,
Thus to obtain Sulpi:ia for himself.
And so last night I dream'd, and ever since
Have been so scar'd, that if you haste not,
Expect my death.

Eug. Dreams flow from thoughts of things we most
desire,
Or fear, and seldom prove true prophets, would they did,
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best Flavia : as I hope I shall be.

Cric. Sir, pray take your leave : this is to no end,
'Twill but increase your grief and hers.

Eug. Farewell,
Sweet Flavia, rest contented with assurance
Of my best love and service.

Fla. Farewell, Eugenio.

Act. II. Scen. 9.

Sulpitia, Flavia,

Sul. **F**lavia, I kifs your hands.

Flavia. Sulpitia, I pray you pardon me, I
saw you not.

Sul. I'faith, you have some fixt thoughts draw your
eyes inward, when you see not your friends before you.

Fla. True, and I think the same that trouble you.

Sul. Then 'tis the love of a young gentleman, and
bitter hatred of an old dotard.

Fla. 'Tis so, witness your brðther Eugenio, and the
rotten carkas of Pondolfo. Had I a hundred hearts, I
should want room to entertain his love, and the other's
hate.

Sul. I could say as much, were't not sin to slander the
dead. Miserable wenches ! how have we offended our
fathers, that they should make us the price of their do-
tage, the medicines of their griefs, that have more need
of physick ourselves ? I must be frost-bitten with the cold
of your dad's winter, that mine may thaw his old ice
with the spring of your sixteen. I thank my dead mother,
that left me a woman's will in her last testament : That's
all the weapons we poor girls can use, and with that will
I fight 'gainst father, friends, and kindred, and either en-
joy Lelio, or die in the field in's quarrel.

Fla. Sulpitia, you are happy that can withstand your
fortune with so merry a resolution.

Sul. Why ? should I twine my arms to cables, and
sigh my soul to air ? sit up all night like a watch-candle,
and distill my brains through my eye-lids ? Your
brother loves me, and I love your brother ; and where
these two consent, I would fain see a third could hin-
der us.

Fla. Alas ! our sex is most wretched, nurs'd up from
infancy in continual slavery. No sooner able to prey for
ourselves, but they brail and hud us so with sour awe
of parents, that we dare not offer to bate at our desires.

And

And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure ; we, poor souls, must rake up our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the spleen, or fit of the mother.

Sul. I plainly will profess my love of Lelio, 'tis honest, chaste, and stains no modesty. Shall I be married to Antonio, that hath been a soun'd sea-fish these three months ? and if he be alive, comes home with as many impairs as a hunting gelding or a fall'n pack-horse. No, no, I'll see him freeze to crystal first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse, if I like not. Lelio's a handsome gentleman, young, fresh, rich, and well fashion'd ; and him will Sulpitia have, or die a maid : And i'faith, the temper of my blood tells me, I never was born to so cold a misfortune. Fie Flavia ! fie wench ! no more tears and sighs, cheer up ; Eugenio to my knowledge loves you, and you shall have him ; I say you shall have him.

Fla. I doubt not of his love, but know no means how he dares work against so great a rival : your father in a spleen may disinherit him.

Sul. And give't to whom ? h'as none but him and me : what though he doat awhile upon your beauty, he will not prove unnatural to his son. Go to your chamber ; my genius whispers in my ear, and swears, this night we shall enjoy our loves ; and with that hope farewell.

Fla. Farewell, Sulpitia.



Act. III. Scen. I.

Pandolfo, Cricca.

Pan. **W**HILE the astrologer hews out Trincalo, Squaring and framing him t' Antonio, Cricca, I'll make thee partner of a thought That something troubles me.

Cric.

Cric. Say, sir, what is't?

Pan. I have no heart to give Albumazar
The chain I promis'd him.

Cric. Deliver it me,
And I'll present it to him in your name.

Pan. T'has been an heir-loom to our house four
hundred years,
And should I leave it now, I fear good fortune
Would fly from us, and follow it.

Cric. Then give him
The price in gold.

Pan. It comes to a hundred pounds;
And how would that, well husbanded, grow in time?
I was a fool to promise, I confess it,
I was too hot and forward in the business.

Cric. Indeed I wonder'd that your wary thriftness,
Not wont to drop one penny in a quarter
Id'y, would part with such a sum so easily.

Pan. My covetous thriftness aims at no other mark
Than in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who gives continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But for the love of my dear Flavia
I would not spare my life, much leſs my treasure.
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great a sum?

Cric. True: I have a trick now hatching in my brain,
How you my handsomly preserve your credit,
And save the chain.

Pan. I would gladly do it,
But fear he understands us what we say.

Cric. What can you lose to try't? if it take,
There's so much fav'd, if otherwise, nothing lost.

Pan. What is't, good Cricca?

Cric. Soon as Albumazar comes, loaded with news
Of th' transmutation of your servant Trincalo,
I'll entertain him here, mean while fleal you
Closely into the room, and quickly hide
Some special piece of plate: Then run out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the street may know y're robb'd.

Next

Next threaten to attach him, and accuse him
Before a justice, and in th'end agree
If he restore the plate, you'll give the chain,
Otherwise not.

Pan. But if we be discover'd !
For by his instruments and familiars
He can do much.

Cric. Lay all the fault on Trincalo.
But here's the main point. If you can dissemble
Cunningly, and frame your countenance to express
Pity and anger, that so learn'd a man
Should use his friend so basely ; if you can call
An out-cry well, roar high and terrible.

Pan. I'll fetch a cry from th'bottom of my heels
Put I'll roar loud enough ; and thou must second me
With wonder at the sudden accident.

Cric. But yours is the main part, for as you play't
You win or lose the chain.

Pan. No more, no more, he comes.

Act. III. Scen. 2.

Albumazar, Pandolfo, Cricca.

Alb. **S**ignior Pandolfo, three quarters of an hour
Renders your servant perfectly transform'd.

Cric. Is he not wholly chang'd ? what parts are wanting ?

Alb. Antonio's shape hath cloth'd his bulk and visage,
Only his hands and feet, so large and callous,
Require more time to supple.

Cric. Pray you, fir,
How long shall he retain this metamorphosis ?

Alb. The compleat circle of a natural day.

Cric. A natural day ! are any day's unnatural ?

Alb. I mean the revolution of th'first mover,
Just twice twelve hours, in which period the rapt motion
Rowls all the orbs from east to occident.

Pan. Help, help, thieves, thieves, neighbours I am
robb'd, thieves, thieves !

Cric.

Cric. What a noise make you sir ?

Pan. Have I not reason

That thus am robb'd ? thieves, thieves, call constables,
The watch and serjeants, friends and constables,
Neighbours, I am undone.

Cric. This is well begun
So he hold out still with a higher strain.
What ails you, sir ?

Pan. Cricca, my chamber's spoil'd
Of all my hangings, cloaths and silver plate.

Cric. Why, this is bravely feign'd ; continue, sir.

Pan. Lay all the goldsmiths, keepers, marshals, bailiffs,

Cric. Fie, sir, your passion falls, cry louder, roar
That all the street may hear.

Pan. Thieves, thieves, thieves !
All that I had is gone, and more than all.

Cric. Ha, ha, ha, hold out ; lay out a lion's throat,
A little louder.

Pan. I can cry no longer,
My throat's sore, I am robb'd, all's gone,
Both my own treasure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I have lost my voice ;
Cry fire, and then they'll hear thee.

Cric. Good, good, thieves,
What have you lost ?

Pan. Wine, jewels, table-cloths,
A cupboard of rich plate.

Cric. Fie, you'll spoil all.
Now you outdo it. Say but a bowl or two.

Pan. Villain, I say all's gone ; the room's as clean
As a wip'd looking-glass : oh me, oh me !

Cric. What, in good earnest ?

Pan. Fool in accursed earnest.

Cric. You gull me sure.

Pan. The window towards the south stands ope, from
whence went all my treasure. Where's the astrologer ?

Alb. Here, sir, and hardly can abstain from laughing
To see you vex yourself in vain.

Pan. In vain, Albumazar ?
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vanish'd,

And

And you shall answer it.

Alb. O ! were it possible
By pow'r of art to check what art hath done,
Your man should ne'er be chang'd : to wrong me thus
With foul suspicion of flat felony ?
Your plate, your cloth of silver, wine, and jewels,
Linen, and all the rest, I gave to Trincalo,
And for more safety, lock'd them in the lobby.
He'll keep them carefully. But as you love your mi-
stress,
Disturb him not this half hour, lest you'll have him
Like to a centaur, half clown, half gentleman ;
Suffer his foot and hand that's yet untouched,
To be innobled like his other members.

Pan. Albumazar, I pray you pardon me,
Th'unlook'd-for bareness of the room amaz'd me.

Alb. How ! think you me so negligent to commit
So rich a mass of treasure to th'open danger
Of a large casement, and suspicious alley ?
No, sir, my sacrifice no sooner done,
But I wrapp'd all up safe, and gave it Trincalo.
I could be angry, but that your sudden fear
Excuses you. Fie, such a noise as this
Half an hour past, had scar'd the intelligences,
And spoil'd the work ; but no harm done, go walk
Westward, directly westward, one half hour :
Then turn back, and take your servant turn'd t'Antonio,
And as you like my skil, perform your promise,
I mean the chain.

Pan. Content, let's still go westward,
Westward, good Cricca, still directly westward.

Act. III. Scen. 3.

Albumazar, Ronca, Harpax, Furbo.

Alb. F U R B O, Harpax, and Ronca, come out, all's
clear.

Why here's a noble prize worth vent'ring for.

Is

Is not this braver than sneak all night in danger,
 Picking of locks, or hooking cloths at windows ?
 Here's plate and gold, and cloth, and meat and wine,
 All rich, and easily got. Ronca, stay hereabout,
 And wait till Trincalo come forth: then call him
 With a low reverence Antonio,
 Give him this gold with thanks, tell him he lent it
 Before he went to Barbary.

Ron. How ! lose ten pieces ?

Alb. There's a necessity in't, devise some course
 To get't again ; if not, our gain's sufficient
 To bear that loss. Furbo, find out Babilona
 The courtezan, let her feign herself a gentlewoman,
 Inamour'd of Antonio ; bid her invite him
 To banquet with her, and by all means possible
 Force him stay there two hours.

Har. Why two hours ?

Alb. That in that time thou mayst convey
 Our treasure to the inn, and speak a boat
 Ready for Gravesend, and provide a supper :
 Where, with those preeious liquors, and good meats,
 We'll cheer ourselves ; and thus well fed, and merry,
 Take boat by night.

Fur. And what will you do ?

Alb. First in, and usher out our changeling Trincalo.
 Then finish up a busines of great profit,
 Begun with a rich merchant, that admires
 My skill in alehymy. I must not lose it.

Ron. Harpax, bestow the plate ; Furbo, our beards,
 Black patches for our eyes, and other properties,
 And at the same time and place meet all at supper.

Act. III. Scen. 4.

Albumazar, Trincalo.

Alb. **S**T A N D forth, transform'd Antonio, fully
 mued
 From brown soak feathers of dull yeomanry
 To th' glorious bloom of gentry: plume yourself sleek,
 Swear

*Swear boldly y'are the man you represent
To all that dare deny it.*

Trin. I find my thoughts
Most strangely alter'd, but methinks my face
Feels still like Trincalo.

Alb. You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceiv'd. As an attentive angler
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streams
Of a steep tumbling torrent, no sooner turns
His sight to land, but giddy, thinks the firm banks
And constant trees, move like the running waters :
So you that thirty years have liv'd in Trincalo,
Chang'd suddenly, think y'are so still ; but instantly
These thoughts will vanish.

Trin. Give me a looking-glass
To read your skill in these new lineaments.

Alb. I'd rather give you poison ; for a glass
By secret power of crois reflections,
And optick virtue, spoils the wond'rous work
Of transformation, and in a moment turns you,
Spight of my skill, to Trincalo as before.
We read that Apuleius was by a rose
Chang'd from an ass to man : so by a mirror,
You'll lose this noble lustre, and turn ass.
I humbly take my leave ; but still remember
T'avoid the devil, and a looking-glaſſ.
New-born Antonio, I kiss your hands.

Trin. Divine Albumazar, I kiss your hands.

Act. III. Scen. 5.

Trincalo, Ronca.

Trin. **N**O W I am grown a gentleman, and a fine
one,
I know't by th'kissing of my hands so courtly.
My courteous knees bend in so true distance,
As if my foot walk'd in a frame on purpose.
Thus I accost you ; or thus, sweet sir, your servant:
Nay,

Nay more, your servant's servant : that's your grand-servant.

I could descend from the top of Paul's to th' bottom,
And on each step strew parting compliments,
Strive for a door, while a good carpenter
Might make a new one. I am your shadow, sir,
And bound to wait upon you ; i'faith I will not : pray,
sir, &c.

O brave Albumazar !

Ron. Just *Æsop*'s crow, prink'd up in borrow'd feathers.

Trin. My veins are fill'd with newness : O for a surgeon

To ope this arm, and view my gentle blood,
To try if 't run two thousand pounds a year.
I feel my understanding is enlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
A sacred fury over-sways me. Prime,
Deal quickly, play, discard, I set ten shillings and six-pence.

You see't ? my rest, five and a fifty. Boy, more cards,
And as thou go'st, lay out some roaring oaths
For me ; I'll pay thee again with interest.

O brave Albumazar !

Ron. How his imagination boils, and works in all things

He ever saw or heard !

Trin. At gleek ? content.

A mourneval of aces, gleek of knaves,
Just nine a piece. Sir, my grey Barbary
'Gainst your dun cow, three train scents and th'course,
For fifty pound ; as I am a gentleman.

I'll meet next cocking, and bring a haggard with me
That stoops as free as lightning, strikes like thunder.
I lie ? my reputation you shall hear on't.

O brave Albumazar !

Ron. He'll grow stark mad, I fear me.

Trin. Now I know

I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me
To challenge some brave fellow for my credit,
And for more safety, get some friend in private

To

To take the busines up in peace and quiet.

Ron. Signior Antonio ?

Trin. There's not a crumb of Tripalo
In all this frame, but the love of Armellina :
Were't not for thee I'd travel, and home again,
As wife as I went over.

Ron. Signior Antonio ! welcome ten thousand times:
Blest be the heavens and seas for your return.

Trin. I thank you, sir : Antonio is your servant,
I am glad to see you well. Fie ! I kiss your hands, and
thus accost you.

Ron. This three months all your kindred, friends, and
children.

Mourn'd for your death.

Trin. And so they well might do,
For five days I was under water ; and at length
Got up and spread myself upon a chest,
Rowing with arms, and steering with my feet ;
And thus in five days more got land : believe it,
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe return from Barbary : at your service.

Ron. Welcome ten thousand times from Barbary,
No friend more glad to see Antonio
Than I : nor am I thus for hope of gain ;
But that I find occasion to be grateful
By your return. Do you remember, sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,
And could not put in bail, you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt ?

Trin. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.

Ron. Oft have I waited at your house with money,
And many thanks ; but you were still beyond seas.
Now am I happy of this fair occasion
To testify my honest care to pay you :
For you may need it.

Trin. Sir, I do indeed,
Witness my treasure cast away by shipwreck.

Ron. Here, sir.

Trin. Is the gold good ? for mine was good I lent you.

Ros. It was, and so is this. Signior Antonio, for this courtesy,
Call me your servant.

Trin. Farewell, good servant, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I know not so much as his name ! ten pounds ? this change is better than my birth ; for in all the years of my yeomanry, I could never yoak two crowns, and now I have hoarded ten fair twenty shilling pieces. Now will I go to this astrologer, and hire him to turn my cart to a caroch, my four jades to two Dutch mares, my mistres Armellina to a lady, my plow-boy Dick to two guarded footmen : then will I hurry myself into the mercer's books, wear rich clothes, be called Tony by a great man, sell my lands, pay no debts, hate citizens, and beat serjeants : and when all fails, sneak out of Antonio with a two-penny looking-glass, and turn as true Trincalo as ever.

Act. III. Scen. 6.

Harpax, Trincalo.

Harp. Signior Antonio, welcome.

Trin. My life here's ten pound more,
I thank you heartily.

Harp. Never in fitter season could I find you.
If you remember, sir, before you went
To Barbary, I lent you ten pound in gold.

Trin. Faith I remember no such thing, excuse me,
What may I call your name ?

Harp. My name is Harpax,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintance.

Trin. What, Harpax ! I am your servant, I kifs your
hands.

You must excuse me, you never lent me money.

Harp. Sir, as I live, ten twenty shilling pieces.

Trin. Dangers at sea, I find, have hurt my memory.

Harp. Why here's your own hand-writing, seal'd and
sign'd

In presence of your cousin Julio.

Trin.

Trin. 'Tis true, 'tis true ; but I sustain'd great losses
By reason of the shipwreck. Here's five pieces,
Will that content you ? and to morrow morning
Come to my house and take the rest.

Har. Well, sir,
Tho' my necessity would importune you
For all, yet on your worship's word, the rest
I'll call for in the morning. Farewel, Antonio.
Trin. I see we gentlemen can sometimes borrow
As well as lend, and are as loth to pay
As meaner men. I'll home, lest other creditors
Call for the rest.

Act. III. Scen. 7.

Ronca, Trincalo.

Ron. **S**ignior Antonio ! I saw you as you landed,
And in great haste follow'd to congratulate
Your safe return, with these most wish'd embraces.

Trin. And I accept your joy with like affection.
How do you call yourself ?

Ron. Have you forgot
Your dear friend Ronca, whom you lov'd so well ?

Trin. O, I remember now my dear friend Ronca.

Ron. Thanks to the fortune of the sea that sav'd you.

Trin. I fear I owe him money : how shall I shift him ?
How do's your body, Ronca ?

Ron. My dear Antonio,
Never so well as now I have the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th' Exchange
Gave drown'd for three whole months. My dear Antonio !

Trin. I thank you, sir.

Ron. I thank you.

Trin. While my dear Ronca
Clipt me, my purse shook dangerously ; yet both his
arms

And hands embrac'd my neck : nere's none behind me.
How can this be ?

Ron. Most dear Antonio,
Was not your passage dangerous from Barbary ?
We had great winds and tempests ; and I fear me,
You felt the force at sea.

Trin. Yes, dearest Ronca.
How's this ? I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.

Ron. Signior Antonio, I see your mind's much troubl'd
About affairs of worth ; I take my leave,
And kiss your hands of liberality.

Trin. And kiss my hands of liberality ?
I gave him nothing : Oh my purse !
Dear master Ronca.

Ron. What's your pleasure, sir ?

Trin. Shew me your hand.

Ron. Here 'tis.

Trin. But where's th'other ?

Ron. Why here.

Trin. But I mean where's your other hand ?

Ron. Think you me the giant with a hundred hands ?

Trin. Give me your right.

Ron. My right ?

Trin. Your left.

Ron. My left ?

Trin. Now both.

Ron. There's both, my dear Antonio :

Keep yourself dark, eat broth : your fearful passage,
And want of natural rest, hath made you frantick.

Trin. Villain, rogue, cut-purse, thief, dear Ronca stay.

He's gone —

I' th' devil's name, how could this fellow do it ?

I felt his hands fast lock'd about my neck ;

And still he spoke. It could not be his mouth :

For that was full of dear Antonio :

My life he stol'd with his feet : such a trick more

Will work worse with me than a looking-glass :

To lose five pound in court'sy, and the rest

In salutation !

Ron. Signior Antonio,
What ails you?

Trin. Ronca, a rogue, a cut-purse,
Hath robb'd me of five twenty shilling pieces.

Ron. What kind of man was he, something like me?

Trin. H'ad such a thievish countenance as your own,
But that he wore a black patch o'er his eye.

Ron. Met you with Ronca? 'tis the cunning'st nimmer
Of the whole company of cut-purse hal! :
I am sorry I was not here to warn you of him.

Act. III. Scen. 8.

Furbo, Bevilona, Trincalo.
Bev. FURBO, no more, unless thy words were charms
Of power to revive him: Antonio's dead.
He's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my ears are deaf to musick
That sounds of pleasure: sing then the dolefull'st notes
That e'er were set by me! ancholy: O Antonio!

Furbo sings this song.

Flow streams of liquid salts from my sad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful execu'ries.
Antonio's dead, he's dead, and I remain
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till it have paid to his sad memory
Duty of love: O then most willingly,
Drown'd with my tears, as he with waves, I die.
Bev. Break thy sad strings, and instrument: O strange!
he's here.

Signior Antonio! my heart's sweet content!
My life and better portion of my soul!
Are you return'd and safe? for whose sad death
I spent such streams of tears, and gusts of sighs.
Or is't my love, that to my longing fancy
Frames your desired shape, and mocks my senses?

Trin. Whom do you talk withal, fair gentlewoman?

Bev. With my best friend, commander of my life,
My most belov'd Antonio.

Trin. With me?

What's your desire with me, sweet lady?

Bev. Sir, to command me, as you have done ever,
To what you please: for all my liberty
Lies in your service.

Trin. Now I smell the busines.

This is some gentlewoman enamour'd
With him whose shape I bear. Fie! what an ass
Was I to strange my self, and lose the occasion
Of a good banquet, and her company?
I'll mend it as I can.—Madam, I did but jest,
To try if absence caus'd you to forget
A friend that lov'd you ever.

Bev. Forget Antonio,
Whose dear remembrance doth inform the soul
Of your poor servant Bevilona! no,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench'd one spark
Of th' sweet affection which your love hath kindl'd
In this warm breast.

Trin. Madam, the waves had drown'd me,
But that your love held up my chin.

Bev. Will't please you

Erter and rest yourself, refresh the weariness
Of your hard travel; I have good wine and fruits,
My husband's out of town: you shall command
My house, and all that's in't.

Trin. Why, are you married?

Bev. Have you forgot my husband, an angry roarer?

Trin. O, I remember him: but if he come.

Bev. Whence grows this fear? how come you so re-
spectful?

You were not wont be numb'd with such a coldn's.
Go in, sweet life, go in.

Trin. O, I remember while I liv'd in Barbary
A pretty song the Moors sing to a gridiron:
Sweet madam, by your favour I'll sing't to this

Alcock

Alcock, dolash, &c. Thus 'tis in English.

My heart in flames doth fry,

Of all thy beauty,

While I

Die.

Fie!

And why

Should'st thou deny

Me thy sweet company?

My brains to tears do flow,

While all below

Doth glow

O!

Foe.

If so,

How canst thou go

About to say me no?

This the Moors call two wings upon a gridiron.

But it goes sweeter far o'th'iron instrument.

Ron. There's one within my kitchen ready strung: go in.

Trin. Sweet lady, pardon me, I'll follow you.

Happy Antonio in so rare a mistress!

But happier I, that in his place enjoy her:

I say still, there's no pleasure like transforming.

Act. III. Scen. 9.

Ronca, Bevilona, Trincalo.

Ron. **N**O W is the ass expecting of a banquet,

Ready to court, embrace, and kiss his mistress.

But I'll soon starve him. What ho! [Knocks at the door.

Bev. Who's that so boldly knocks? I am not within; or busy: why so importunate? who is't?

Roa. 'Tis I.

Bev. Your name?

Ron. Thomas ap William, ap Morgan, ap Davy, ap Roger, &c.

Trin. Spinola's camp's broke loose: a troop of soldiers!
fir.

Bev. O me! my husband! O me wretch! 'tis my hu-
sband.

Trin. One man, and wear so many names!

Bev. O fir,

H'as more outragious devils in his rage
Than names. As you respect your life, avoid him.
Down at that window.

Trin. 'Tis as high as Paul's.
Open the garden dcor.

Bev. He has the keys.
Down at some window as you love your life,
Tender my honour, and your safety.

Ron. Bevilona!
Down, or I'll break the doors, and with the splinters
Eat all thy bones to pieces: down you whore!

Bev. Be patient but a little; I come instantly.

Trin. Ha' you no trunk nor chest to hide me?

Bev. None, fir.
Alas I am clean undone, it is my husband.

Ron. Doubtless this whore hath some of her compa-
nions
That wrong me thus. But if I catch the villain,
I'll bathe my hungry fword, and sharp revenge,
In his heart-blood. Come down.

Bev. I cannot, stay.
There stands an empty hogshead with a false bottom
To ope and shut at pleasure; come hither in,
In, as you love your life.

Trin. But hear you, madam,
Is there no looking-glass within't? for I hate glasses
As naturally as some do cats, or cheese.

Bev. In, in, there's none.

Ron. Who now? is the ays pass'd?

Bev. I tun'd him up, ha, ha, ha, I fear he'll fall
a working.

Ron. Second me handsomely, we'll entertain him
An hour or two, and laugh and get his cloaths
To make our sport up. Wife, where's the empty hogshead
That

That was wont to stand under the stairs ?

Bev. There still.

Ron. Out with it quickly : I must hveit fill'd.

Bev. Not to day, good sir, to morrow will serve as well.

Ron. I must ha't now.

Bev. 'Tis more than I can carry.

Ron. I'll help thee : so, so. Foh ! this vessel's musty.

Fetch out some water.

Bev. Fetch't yourself.

Trin. Pox of all transmutation, I am smother'd.

Lady, as you love me, give the hoghead vent.

The beer that's in't will work and break the vessel.

Bev. Signior Antonio, as you love your life,
Lie still and close, for if you stir you die.

Ron. So, so, now shake it, so, so.

Trin. Oh I am drown'd, I drown !

Ron. Whence comes this hollow sound ? I drown, I
smother.

My Life tis Trincalo, for I have heard that coxcomb,
That afs, that clown, seeks to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruit and dainties from the country.
O that 'twere he ! How would I use the villain !
First crop his ears, then slit his nose and geld him,
And with a red hot iron sear his raw wounds ;
Then barrel him again, and send the eunuch
To the great Turk to keep his concubines.

Who's within here ? [Trincalo knocks in the tub.

Bev. One that you dare not touch.

Ron. One that I dare not ?

[Comes out.

Out, villain, out — Signior Antonio !
Had it been any but yourself, he died.
But as you sav'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your services.
I would have sworn y'had been drown'd in Barbary.

Trin. 'Twas a hard passage ; but not so dangerous
As was this vessel. Pray you conceive no ill,
I meant no harm, but call'd o' your wife to know
How my son Lelio did, and daughter Flavia.

Ron. Sir, I believe you.

Trin. But I must tell you one thing.

You must not be so jealous, on my honour
She's very honest.

Ron. For you I make no question.
But there's a rogue called Trincalo, whom if I catch,
I'll teach him.

Trin. Who, you mean Pandolfo's farmer?
Alas, poor fool, he's a stark as, but harmless.
And tho' she talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,
As all the world do's at him: come, be friends
At my entreaty.

Ron. Sir, for your sake.

Bev. I thank you.

Trin. Let's have a fire; and while I dry myself,
Provide good wine and meat. I'll dine with you.
I must not home thus wet. I am something bold with you.

Ron. My house and self are at your service.

Trin. Lead in.

Alas, poor Trincalo, hadst thou been taken,
Thou had'st been tunn'd for Turkey.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, fair fall Antonio's shape.
What a notorious wittall's this! ha, ha, ha.

Finis Act. 3.



Act. IV. Scen. I.

Antonio.

THUS by great favour of propitious stars,
From fearful storms, shipwreck, and raging billows,
Merciless jaws of death, am I return'd
To th' safe and quiet bosom of my country,
The memory of these misfortunes pass'd,
Seasons the welcome, and augments the pleasure
I shall receive of my son Lelio,
And daughter Flavia. So doth alloy

Make

Make gold, that else were useless, serviceable.
So the rugged forehead of a threat'ning mountain,
'Threatens the smoothness of a smiling valley.

Act. IV. Scen. 2.

Cricca, Antonio,

Cric. **W**HAT do I see ? is not this Trincalo,
Transform'd t'Antonio ? 'tis, and so perfectly,

That did the right Antonio now confront him,
I'd swear they both were true, or both were false.

Ant. This man admires the unexpectedness
Of my return.

Cric. O wond'rous power of stars,
And skill of art t' apply't ! You that are marry'd
May justly fear, lest this astrologer
Cloath your wives servants in your shape, and use you
As Jupiter did Amphitryo. You that are rich,
In your own form may lose your gold.

Ant. 'Tis Cricca.

Cric. He seems so just the man he represents,
That I dare hardly use him as I purpos'd.

Aut. Cricca, well met ; how fares my friend Pandolfo ?

Cric. Your friend Pandolfo ! how are your means improv'd,
To stile familiarly your master friend ?

Ant. What say'ft thou ?

Cric. That I rejoice your worship's safe return'd
From your late drowning. Th' exchange hath giv'n
you lost,

And all your friends worn mourning three months past.

Ant. The danger of the shipwreck I escap'd,
So desperate was, that I may tru'y say
I am new-born, not sav'd.

Cric. Ha, ha, ha : thro' what a grace,

And goodly contenance the rascal speaks !
 What a grave portance ! could Antonio
 Himself out-do him ? O you notorious villain !
 Who would have thought thou could'st have thus dissem-
 bled ?

Ant. How now ! a servant thus familiar ? firrah,
 Use your companions so : more reverence
 Becomes you better.

Cric. As tho' I understood not
 The end of all this plot, and goodly busness.
 Come, I know all. See ! this untill'd clod of earth
 Conceits his mind transform'd as well as body.
 He wrings and bites his lips for fear of laughing. Ha,
 ha, ha !

Ant. Why laugh you, firrah ?

Cric. To see thee chang'd
 So strangely, that I cannot spy an inch
 Of thy old clownish carcase : ha, ha.

Ant. Laughter proceeds
 From absurd actions that are harmles.

Cric. Ha, ha, ha !
 Sententious blockhead.

Ant. And y're ill advis'd
 To jest instead of pity. Alas ! my miseries,
 Dangers of death, flav'ry of cruel Moors,
 And tedious journeys, might have easily alter'd
 A stronger body, much more this decay'd vessel,
 Out-worn with age, and broken by misfortunes.

Cric. Leave your set speeches. Go to Antonio's
 house,
 Effect your busness ; for, upon my credit,
 Th'art so well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.

Ant. Where should I hope for welcome, if not there,
 From my own house, children, and family ?

Cric. Is't possible this coxcomb should conceive
 His mind transform'd ? How gravely he continues
 The countenance he began ! ha, ha. Why blockhead,
 Think'st to deceive me too ? Why Trincalo ?

Ant. I understand you not. Hands off.

Cric. Art not thou Trincalo,

Pandolfo's

Pandolfo's man ?

Ant. I not so much as know him.

Cric. Dar'st thou deny't to me ?

Ant. I dare, and must

To all the world, long as Antonio lives.

Cric. You arrant ass ! have I not known thee serve
My master in his farm this thirteen years ?

Ant. By all the oaths that bind mens consciences
To truth, I am Antonio, and no other.

Act. IV. Scen. 3.

Pandolfo, Cricca, Antonio.

Pan. **W**HAT means this noise ? O Cricca ! what's
the matter ?

Cric. Sir, here's your farmer Trincalo, transform'd
So just as he was melted, and new cast
In the true mould of old Antonio.

Pan. Th' right eye's no liker to the left, than he
To my good neighbour. Divine Albumazar !
How I admire thy skill ! Just so he look'd,
And thus he walk'd : this is his face, his hair,
His eyes, and countenance. If his voice be like,
Then is th' astrologer a wonder-worker.

Ant. Signior Pandolfo, I thank the heavens as much
To find you well, as for my own return.
How does your daughter, and my love, Sulpitia ?

Pan. Well, well, Sir.

Cric. This is a good beginning :
How naturally the rogue dissembles it !
With what a gentle garb, and civil grace,
He speaks and looks ! How cunningly Albumazar
Hath for our purpose suited him in Barbary clothes !

I'll try him further : Sir,
We hear'd you were drownd ? pray you, how scap'd
you shipwreck ?

Ant. No sooner was I ship'd for Barbary,

But

But fair wind follow'd, and fair weather led us.
 When enter'd in the streights of Gibraltar,
 'The heavens, and seas, and earth conspir'd against us ;
 The tempest tore our helm, and rent our tackles,
 Broke the main-mast, while all the sea about us
 Stood up in watry mountains to overwhelm us ;
 And struck's against a rock, splitting the vessel
 T' a thousand splinters. I, with two mariners,
 Swam to the coast, where, by the barbarous Moors,
 We were surpriz'd, fetter'd and sold for slaves.

Cric. This tale th' astrologer pen'd, and he hath conn'd it.

Ant. But by a gentleman of Italy,
 Whom I had known before —

Pan. No more ; this taste
 Proves thou canst play the rest. For this fair story,
 My hand, I make thy ten Pounds twenty marks,
 Thou look'ft and speak'ft so like Antonio.

Ant. Whom should I look and speak like, but myself ?

Cric. Good, still !

Pan. But now, my honest Trincalo,
 Tell me where's all the plate, the gold, and jewels,
 That the astrologer, when he had transform'd thee,
 Committed to thy charge ? are they safe lock'd ?

Ant. I understand you not.

Pan. The jewels, man ;
 The plate and gold th' astrologer, that chang'd thee,
 Bade thee lay up.

Ant. What plate ? what gold ?
 What jewels ? what transformation ? what astrologer ?

Cric. Leave off Antonio now, and speak like Trincalo.

Ant. Leave off your jesting. It neither suits your place
 Nor age, Pandolfo, to scoff your antient friend.
 I know not what you mean by gold and jewels,
 Nor by the astrologer, nor Trincalo.

Cric. Better and better still. Believe me, Sir,
 He thinks himself Antonio, and ever shall be,
 And to possess your plate. — Art thou not Trincalo,

My

My master's farmer ?

Ant. I am Antonio,

Your master's friend. If he teach you no more manners—

Pan. Humour of wiving's gone. Farewel, good Flavia.

Three thousand pound must not be lost so lightly.

Come, Sir, we'll draw you to the astrologer,

And turn you to your ragged bark of yeomanry.

Ant. To me these Terms ?

Pan. Come, I'll not lose my plate.

Cric. Stay, Sir, and take my counsel. Let him still Firmly conceit himself the Man he seems :

Thus he, himself deceiv'd, will far more earnestly Effect your busines, and deceive the rest.

There's a main difference 'twixt a self-bred action And a forc'd carriage. Suffer him, then, to enter Antonio's house, and wait th' event : for him, He can't 'scape : what you intend to do, Do't when he's serv'd your turn. I see the maid ; Let's hence, lest they suspect our consultations.

Pan. Thy counsel's good : away.

Cric. Look, Trincalo,

Yonder's your beauteous mistres, Armellina, And daughter Flavia. Courage, I warrant thee.

Ant. Blest be the heav'ns that rid me of this trouble ; For with their farmer and astrologer, Plate and gold, they've almost madded me.

Act IV. Scen. 4.

Flavia, Armellina, Antonio.

Fla. **A**rmellina.

Arm. Mistress.

Fla. Is the door fast ?

Arm. Yes, as an usurer's purse.

Fla. Come hither, wench.

Look.

Look here, there's Trincalo, Pandolfo's farmer,
Wrapt in my father's shape : pr'ythee come quickly,
And help me to abuse him.

Arm. Notorious clown !

Ant. These are my gates, and that's the cabinet
That keps my jewels, Lelio and his sister.

Fla. Never was villainy so personate
In seemly properties of gravity.

[*Ant. Knocks.*]

Who is he that knocks so boldly ?

Arm. What want you, Sir ?

Ant. O my fair daughter, Flavia ! let all the stars
Pour down full blessings on thee. Ope' the doors.

Fla. Mark ! his fair daughter Flavia, ha, ha, ha :
Most shameless villain, how he counterfeits !

Ant. Know'it not thy father, old Antonio ?
Is all the world grown frantick ?

Fla. What Antonio ?

Ant. Thy loving father, Flavia.

Fla. My father !

Would thou wert in his place. Antonio's dead,
Dead, under Water was drown'd.

Ant. Then dead and drown'd

Am I.

Fla. I love not to converse with dead men.

Ant. Open the door, sweet Flavia.

Fla. Sir, I am afraid ;

Horror incloses me, my hair stands up,
I sweat to hear a dead man speak, you smell
Of putrefaction : fy ! I feel't hither.

Ant. Th'art much abus'd, I live. Come down, and
know me.

Am I. Mistress, let me have some sport too. Who's
there ?

Ant. Let me come in.

Am I. Soft, soft, Sir, y're too hasty.

Ant. Quickly, or else—

Am I. Good words, good words, I pray,
In strangers houses : were the doors your own,
You might be bolder.

Ant.

Ant. I'll beat the doors and windows
About your ears.

Arm. Are you so hot? We'll cool you.
Since your late drowning, your grey and reverend head
Is smear'd with ouze, and stuck with cockle-shells:
This is to wash it.

Ant. Impudent whore!

Arm. Out, carter:
Hence, dirty whipstock; hence, yon foul clown. Be-
gone,
Or all the water I can make, or borrow,
Shall once more drown you.

Act. IV. Scen. 5.

Lelio, Antonio, Armellina.

Lel. **A**rmellina, whom do you draw your tongue upon
so sharply?

Arm. Sir, 'tis your father's ghost, that strives by force
To break the doors, and enter.

Lel. 'Tis his grave look!
In every lineament himself no liker.
Had I not hap'ly been advertised,
What could have forc'd me think 'twere Trincalo?
Doubtless th' astrologer hath rais'd a ghost,
That walks in th' reverend shape of my dead father.

Ant. These ghosts, these Trincalo's, and astrologers,
Strike me beside myself. Who will receive me,
When mine own son refuseth? Oh Antonio!

Lel. Infinite power of art! who would believe
The planets influence could transform a man
To several shapes? I could now beat him soundly;
But that he wears the awful countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.

Ant. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, son,
Consider that th' excess of heat in Barbary,
The fear of shipwreck, and long tedious journeys,
Have

Have tann'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheeks ;
 Yet still this face, tho' alter'd, may be known :
 This scar bears witness, 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
 With thine own hands.

Lel. He that chang'd Trincalo
 T' Antonio's figure, omitted not the scar,
 As a main character.

Ant. I have no other marks,
 Or reasons to persuade them : methinks these words,
I am thy father, were argument sufficient
 To bend thy knees, and creep to my embracements.

Lel. A sudden coldness strikes me : my tender heart
 Feats with compassion of I know not what.
 Sirrah, be gone ; truss up your goodly speeches,
 Sad shipwrecks, and strange transformations.
 Your plot's discover'd, 'twill not take : thy impudence
 For once, I pardon. The pious reverence
 I owe to th' grave resemblance of my father,
 Holds back my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
 Haunting my doors again, I'll bastinado you
 Out of Antonio's skin. Away.

Ant. I go, sir ;
 And yield to such cross fortune as thus drives me.

Act. IV. Scen. 6.

Trincalo, and Bevilona dressing him.

Trin. **W**HEN this transformed substance of my carcase
 Did live imprison'd in a wanton hogshead,
 My name was don Antonio, and that title
 Preserv'd my life, and chang'd my suit of clothes.
 How kindly the good gentlewoman us'd me ! with what
 respect, and careful tenderness !

Bev. Your worship, sir, had ever a sickly constitution,
 and I fear much more now, since your long travel. As
 you love me, off with these wet things, and put on the
 suit you left with me before you went to Barbary. Good
 sir,

Mr, neglect not your health ; for, upon my experience there is nothing worse for the rheum than to be drench'd in a musty hogshead.

Trin. Pretty foul ! such another speech would have drawn off my legs and arms, as easily as hose and doublet. Had I been Trincalo, I'd have sworn th' had cheated : but, fy ! 'tis base and clownish to suspect, and a gentleman's freeness to part with a cast suit. Now to the busines : I'll into my own house, and first bestow Armellina upon Trincalo ; then try what can be done for Pandolfo : for 'tis a rule I was wont to observe, first do your own affairs, and next your master's. This word master makes me doubt I am not chang'd as I should be. But all's one, I'll venture, and do something worthy Antonio's name while I have it.

Act. IV. Scen. 7.

Antonio, Trincalo.

Ant. **W**retched Antonio ! hast been preserv'd so strangely
From foreign miseries, to be wrong'd at home ?
Barr'd from thy house by the scorn of thine own children !

Trin. Knocks.

Ant. But stay, there's one knocks boldly ; 't may be some friend.

Trin. Knocks again.

Ant. Dwell you here, gentleman ?

Trin. He calls me gentleman :
See th' vertue of good cloaths ! All men salute,
Honour, respect, and reverence us.

Ant. Young gentleman,
Let me, without offence, intreat your name,
And why you knock ?

Trin. How, firrah, sauce-box, my name !
Or thou some stranger art, or grossly ignorant,
That know'st not me. Ha ! what art thou that ask'st
it ?

Ant.

Ant. Be not in choler, sir.

Trin. Befits it me,

A gentleman of publick reputation,
'To stoop so low as satisfy the questions
Of base and earthly pieces like thyself? what art
thou? ha?

Ant. Th' unfortunate possessor of this house.

Trin. Thou liest, base sycophant, my worship owns it.

Ant. May be my son hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead.—How long has't called you master?

Trin. 'Long as Antonio possiest it.

Ant. Which Antonio?

Trin. Antonio Anastasio.

Ant. That Anastasio,

That was drown'd in Barbary?

Trin. That Anastasio,

That self same man am I: I 'scap'd by swimming,
And now return to keep my former promise
Of Flavia to Pandolfo; and in exehange,
To take Sulpitia to my wife.

Ant. All this

I intended 'fore I went: but sir, if I
Can be no other than myself, and you
Are that Antonio, you and I are one.

Trin. How! one with thee? speak such another syllable,
And by the terror of this steel,
That ne'er saw light, but sent to endless darkness
All that durst stand before't, thou diest.

Ant. Alas!

My weakness grown by age, and pains of travail,
Disarms my courage to defend myself,
I have no strength but patience.

Trin. What art now?

Ant. Peter, and Thomas, William, what you please.

Trin. What boldnes madded thee to steal my name?

Ant. Sir, heat of wine.

Trin. And when y're drunk,
Is there no person to put on but mine,
To cover your intended villainies?

Ant. But good sir, if I be not I, what am I?

Trin.

Trin. An ox, an as, a dog.

Ant. Strange negligence,

To lose myself! me thinks I live and move,
Remember. Could the fearful apprehension
Of th' ugly fear of drowning so transform me?
Or did I die, and by Pythagoras' rule,
My soul is provided of another lodging?

Trin. Be what thou wilt, except Antonio;
'Tis death to touch that name.

Ant. Dangers at sea

Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home-injuries.
Was ever man thus scar'd beside himself?

O most unfortunate Antonio!

At sea thou suffer'dst shipwrack of thy goods,
At land of thine own self. Antonio,
Or what name else they please, fly, fly to Barbary,
And rather there endure the foreign cruelty
Of fetters, whips, and Moors, than here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.

Trin. How! prating still? why Timothy begone,
Or draw, and lay Antonio down betwixt us,
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.
Here's a brave rogue, that in the king's high-way
Offers to rob me of my good name. Draw.

Ant. These wrongs recall my strength, I am resolv'd:
Better die once than suffer always. Draw.

Tri. Stay, understand'st thou well nice points of
duel?

Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?
Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree
As long, as wide as mine? for otherwise
Thou wer'st most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
In me to fight. More, I have drawn five teeth:
If thine stand found the terms are much unequal.
And by strict laws of duel, I am excus'd
To fight on disadvantage.

Ant. This is some as!

Trin. If we concur in all, write a formal chalienge,
And bring thy seconf: mean while I make provision
Of Calais sand, to fight upon securely. Ha!

Act IV. Scen. 8.

Lelio, Cricca, Trincalo, Antonio.

Lel. **A**M I awake? or do deceitful dreams
Present to my wild fancy things I see not?

Cric. Sir, what amazement's this? why wonder you?

Lel. See'st thou not Trincalo and Antonio?

Cric. O strange! they're both here.

Lel. Didst not thou inform me
That Trincalo was turn'd to Antonio?
Which I believing, like a cursed son,
With most reproachful threats, drove mine old father
From his own doors; and yet rest doubtful, whether
This be the true Antonio: may be th' astrologer
Hath chang'd some other, and not Trincalo,

Cric. No, fear it not, 'tis plain: Albumazar
Hath cheated my old master of his plate.

For here's the farmer, as like himself as ever;
Only his clothes excepted. Trincalo!

Trin. Cricca, where's Trincalo? doest see him here?

Cric. Yes, and as rank an ass as e'er he was.

Trin. Thou 'rt much deceived, thou neither see'st nor
know'st me.

I am transform'd, transform'd.

Cric. Th'art still thyself.

Lelio. this farmer's half a fool, half knave.

And as Pandolfo did with much intreaty
Perswade him to transform, so as much labour
Will hardly bring the coxcomb to himself,

That ne'er was out on't. Who art, if not he?

Trin. My name is don Antonio, I am now going
To mine own house, to give Pandolfo Flavia,
And Armellina to his farmer Trincalo.

How

How dar'st thou, Cricca, but a meaner servant
Resemble me a man of worth and worship,
To such a clown as Trincalo, a branded fool,
An Afs, a laughing-stock to town and country?
Art not ashamed to name him with Antonio?

Lel. Do not thy actions, with thy rude behaviour,
Proclaim thee what thou art?

Cric. Notorious clown!

Trin. Villain th' hast broke my shoulders.

Le. O did'st feel him?

Trin. Ay, with a pox.

Lel. Then th' art still Trincalo.

For hadst thou been Antonio, he had smarted.

Trin. I feel it as I am Antonio.

Cric. Fool! who loves Armellina?

Trin. 'Tis I, 'tis I.

Cric. Antonio never lov'd his kitchen-maid.

Trin. Well, I was taken for Antonio,
And in his name receiv'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his mistres entertain'd; but thou
Envy'ft my happiness; if th' hast th' ambition
To rise as I have done, go to Albumazar,
And let him change thee to a knight, or lord.

Cric. Note the strange power of strong imagination.

Trin. A world of engines cannot wret my thoughts,
From being a gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And though I be not, yet will think myself so:
And scorn thee, Cricca, as a slave and servant.

Act. IV. Scen. 9.

Cricca, Lelio, Antonio.

Cric. **T**IS but lost labour to dissuade his dulness
Believe me, that's your father.

Lel. When I drove him hence,
Spight of my blood, his reverend countenance
Strook me t' a deep compassion. To clear all,

I'll

I'll ask one question. Signior Antonio,
What money took you when you took your voyage ?

Ant. As I remember, fourscore and fifteen pound
In Barbary gold. Had Lucio kept his word,
I had carried just a hundred.

Lel. Pardon me, father ;
'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you : all was intended for a farmer,
Whom an astrologer, they faid, transform'd.

Ant. How, an astrologer ?

Lel. When you parted hence,
seems you promis'd Flavia to Pandolfo.
News of your death arriving, th'old gentleman
Importunes me to second what you purpos'd.
Consulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my sister should be buried quick
I'th' grave of threescore years, by their advice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and storms,
And finds at length a cunning man, that promis'd
To turn his farmer to your shape ; and thus
Possess your house, and give him Flavia.
Whereof I warn'd, wrong'd you instead of Trincalo.

Ant. Then hence it came they call'd me Trincalo,
And talk'd of an astrologer ; which names
Almost inrag'd me past myself and senses.
'Tis true I promis'd, but have oft repented it ;
And much more since he goes about to cheat me.
He must not have her, fir.

Lel. I am glad y'are so resolv'd.
And since with us you find that match unequal,
Let's us all intreat you to bestow your daughter
Upon his son Eugenio.

Ant. Son, at your pleasure
Dispose of Flavia, with my full consent.

Lel. And as you judge him worthy your daughter
Flavia,

Think me no less of his Sulpitia.

Ant. I do : and ever had desire to match
Into that family ; and now I find myself

Old,

Old, weak, unfit for marriage, you shall enjoy her,
If I can work Pandolfo by intreaty.

Cric. To deal with him with reason and intreaties,
Is to perfwade a mad-man : for his love
Makes him no less. All speeches opposite
T'his fixt desire, and love-corrupted judgment,
Seem extream foolerries. Will he consent
To give his daughter to your son, and you
Deny him Flavia? Shall Eugenio
Expect or land or love from old Pandolfo,
Being his open rival? 'tis impossible.
He sought to couzen you ; therefore resolve
To pay him in's own money. Be but advis'd
By my poor counsel, and one stroke shall cut
The root of his designs, and with his arrows
Strike his own plot so dead, that ev'n Albu[m]azar,
With all his stars and instruments, shall never
Give it fresh motion.

Ant. Cricca, to thy direction
We yield ourselv[es], manage us at thy pleasure.

Lel. Speak quickly, Cricca.
Cric. The ground of all this busines
Is to catch Trincalo, and lock him fast
Till I release him : next, that no man whisper
Th' leaft word of your return. Then will I home,
And with a chearful look tell my old master,
That Trincalo—— but stay, look where he comes !
Let's in, and there at leisure I'll inform you
From point to point. Lelio, detain him here,
Till I send Armellina down to second you.
Cross him in nothing, call him Antonio,
And he's gull'd enough.

Lel. Fear not, let me alone.

Act. IV. Scen. 10.

Trincalo, Lelio.

Tax. **T**HIS rascal, Cricca, with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbs my gentle thoughts,
That I half doubt I am not what I seem :
But that will soon be clear'd ; if they receive me
In at Antonio's house, I am Antonio.

Lel. Signior Antonio, my most loving father !
Blest be the day and hour of your return.

Trin. Son Lelio ! a blessing on my child ; I pray thee
tell me,

How fares my servant Armellina ? well ?

Le. Have you forgot my sister Flavia ?

Trin. What, my dear daughter Flavia ? no, but first
Call Armellina : for this day we'll celebrate
A gleek of marriages : Pandolfo and Flavia,
Sulpitia and myself, and Trincalo
With Armellina. Call her, good Lelio, quickly.

Lel. I will, sir.

Trin. So : 'tis well that Lelio
Confesseth me his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect Antonio.

Act. IV. Scen. II.

Armellina, Trincalo.

Arm. **S**ignior Antonio !
My long expected master !

Trin. O Armellina !

Come, let me kiss thy brow like my own daughter.

Arm. 'Tis too great a favour. I kiss your foot.
What fall'n ? alas ! how feeble you are grown
With your long travel !

Trin.

Trin. True, and being drown'd,
Nothing so griev'd me, as to lose thy company.
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good service
I'll help thee to a husband.

Arm. A husband, sir?

Some young and lusty youth, or else I'll none.

Trin. To one that loves thee dearly, dearly wench:
A goodly man, like me in limbs and fashion.

Arm. Fie, an old man! how! cast myself away,
And be no nurse but his?

Trin. He's not like me
In years and gravity, but fair proportion;
A handsome well-set man as I.

Arm. His name?

Trin. 'Tis Tom Trincalo of Totnam.

Arm. Signior Pandolfo's lusty farmer?

Trin. That's he.

Arm. Most unexpected happiness! 'tis the man
I more esteem than my own life: sweet master,
Procure that match, and think me satisfied
For all my former service without wages.
But ah, I fear you jest. My poor unworthiness
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweet Trincalo.
No, wretched Armellina, in and despair:
Back to thy mournful dresser; there lament
Thyself to kitchen-stuff, and burn to ashes,
For love of thy sweet farmer.

Trin. Alas! poor soul,
How prettily she weeps for me! — Wilt see him?

Arm. My soul waits in my eyes, and leaves my body
Senseless.

Trin. Then swear to keep my counsel.

Arm. I swear

By th' beauteous eyes of Trincalo.

Trin. Why, I am Trincalo.

Arm. Your worship, sir! why do you flout your
servant,

Right worshipful Antonio, my reverend master?

Trin. Pox of Antonio, I am Tom Trincalo.

Why laugh'ft thou?

Arm. 'Tis desire and joy,
To see my sweetest.

Trin. Look upon me and see him.

Arm. I say I see Antonio, and none other.

Trin. I am within, thy love; without, thy master.
Th' astrologer transform'd me for a day.

Arm. Mock not your poor maid, pray you sir.

Trin. I do not.

Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be unchang'd; fie on this gentry, it sticks
Like bird-lime, or the pox. I cannot part with 't.
Within, I am still thy farmer Trincalo.

Arm. Then must I wait, till old Antonio
Be brought to bed of a fair Trincalo;
Or flea you, and strip you to yourself again.

Trin. Carry me to your chamber. Try me there.

Arm. O sir, by no means: but with my lovely farmer
I'd stay all night, and thank him.

Trin. Crofs misfortune!

Accurst Albumazar! and mad Pandolfo!
To change me thus, that when I most desire
To be myself, I cannot. Armellina,
Fetch me a looking-glaſs.

Arm. To what end?

Trin. Fetch one.

Let my old master's businesſ sink or swim,
This sweet occasion must not be negleſted.
Now ſhall I know th'astrologer's ſkill. O wonderful,
Admir'd Albumazar in two transmutaſions!
Here's my old farmer's face. How in an instant
I am unchang'd that was ſo long a changing! Here's my
flat noſe again, &c.

Now, Armellina, take thy lov'd Trincalo
To thy deſired embracemenſ, uſe thy pleaſure,
Kiss thy belly full.

Arm. Not here in publick.
T' enjoy too ſoon what pleaſeth, is unpleaſant:
The world would envy then my happiness.
Go in, I'll follow you, and in my bed-chamber
We'll conſummate the match in privacy.

Trin.

Trin. Was not the face I wore far worse than this?
 But for thy comfort, wench, Albumazar
 Hath died my thoughts so deep i'th' grain of gentry,
 'Tis not a glass can rob me of my good fashion,
 And gentlemanly garb. Follow, my dear.

Arm. I'll follow you. So, now y're fast enough.

Trin. Help, Armellina, help, I am fall'n i'th' cellar:
 Bring a fresh plantane leaf, I have broke my shin.

Arm. Thus have I caught me a husband in a trap,
 And in good earnest meant to marry him.
 'Tis a tough clown and lusty: he works day and night;
 And rich enough for me, that have no portion
 But my poor service. Well, he's something foolish;
 The better can I domineer, and rule him
 At pleasure. That's the mark and utmost hight
 We women aim at. I am resolv'd; I'll have him.

Act. IV. Scen. 12.

Lelio, Cricca.

Lel. I N, Armellina, lock up Trincalo.

Arm. I will, sir.

Lel. Cricca, for this thy counsel, if't succeed,
 Fear not thy master's anger: I'll prefer thee,
 And count thee as my genius, or good fortune.

Cric. It cannot chuse but take. I know his humour:
 And can at pleasure feather him with hopes,
 Making him fly what pitch I wish, and stoop
 When I shew foul.

Lel. But for the suit of cloaths?

Cric. I'll throw them o'er your wall. Away,
 Haste to Eugenio and Sulpitia,
 Acquaint them with the business.

Lel. I go.

Act. IV. Scen. 13.

Lelio, Sulpitia.

Lel. **T**HE hopeful issue of thy counsel, Cricea,
 Brightens this ev'ning, and makes it more excell
 The clearest day, than a grey morning doth
 The blindest midnight, raising my amorous thoughts
 To such a pitch of joy, that riches, honour,
 And other pleasures, to Sulpitia's love,
 Appear like mole-hills to the moon.

Sul. Lelio!

Lel. O there's the voice that in one note contains
 All chords of musick: how gladly she'll imbrace
 The news I give her, and the messenger!

Sul. Soft, soft, y'are much mistaken; for in earnest,
 I am angry, Lelio; and with you.

Lel. Sweetest, those flames
 Rise from the fire of love, and soon will quench
 I' th' welcome news I bring you.

Sul. Stand still, I charge you
 By th' virtue of my lips; speak not a syllable,
 As you expect a kiss should close my choler;
 For I must chide you.

Lel. O my Sulpitia,
 Were every speech a pistol charg'd with death,
 I'd stand them all in hope of that condition.

Sul. First, sir, I hear, you teach Eugenio
 To grave a wariness in your sister's love,
 And kill his honest forwardness of affection
 With your far-fetch'd respects, suspicious fears:
 You have your may-bes; this is dangerous:
 That course were better: for if so, and yet
 Who knows? the event is doubtful; be advis'd,
 'Tis a young rashness: your father is your father:
 Take leisure to consider. Thus y'ave consider'd
 Poor Flavia almost to her grave. Fie, Lelio,
 Had this my smallness undertook the busines,
 And done no more in four short winters days

Than

Than you in four months ; I'd have vowed my maidhood.

To the living tomb of a sad nunnery :

Which for your sake I loath.

Lel. Sweet, by your favour.

Sul. Peace, peace : now y'are so wise, as if ye had eaten

Nothing but brains and marrow of Machiavel:

You tip your speeches with Italian *motti*,
Spanish *refrane*, and English *quoth he'*. Believe me,
There is not a proverb salts your tongue, but plants
Whole colonies of white hairs. O what a busines
These hands must have when you have married me,
To pick out sentences that over-year you !

Lel. Give me but leave.

Sul. Have I a lip ? and you
Made sonnets on't ? 'tis your fault, for otherwise
Your sister and Eugenio had been sure
Long time e'er this.

Lel. But —

Sul. Stay, your cue's not come yet.
I hate as perfectly this grey-green of yours,
As old Antonio's green-grey. Fy ! wise lovers
Are most absurd. Were I not full resolved,
I should begin to cool mine own affection.
For shame consider well your sister's temper.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Respect her,
Or spight of mine own love, I'll make you stay
Six months before you marry me.

[*Lelio whispers.*]

Sul. This your so happy news ? return'd, and safe ?
Antonio yet alive ?

[*Lelio whispers.*]

Sul. And what then ?

[*Lelio whispers.*]

Sul. Well ; all your busines must be compassed
With winding plots, and cunning stratagems.
Look to't : for if we be not married e'er next morning,
By the great love that is hid in this small compas,

Flavia and myself will steal you both away,
To your eternal shame and foul discredit.

Lel. How prettily this lovely littleness,
In her own breath pleads her own cause, and my sister's !
Chides me, and loves ! This is that pleasing temper
I more admire, than a continued sweethess
That over satisfies ; 'tis salt I love, not sugar.



Act. V. Scen. I.

Albumazar, Ronca, Furbo, Harpax.

Alb. **H**OW ? not a single share of this great prize,
That have deserv'd the whole ? was't not
my plot,

And pains, and you meer instruments and porters ?
Shall I have nothing ?

Ron. No, not a silver spoon.

Fur. Nor cover of a trencher salt.

Har. Nor table-napkin.

Alb. Friends, we have kept an honest trust and faith
Long time amongst us : break not the sacred league,
By raising civil theft ; turn not your furt
'Gainst your own bowels. Rob your careful master !
Are you not ashamed ?

Ron. 'Tis our profession,
As yours astrology. And in the days of old,
Good morrow thief, as welcome was receiv'd,
As now your worship. 'Tis your own instru~~ction~~,

Fur. The Spartans held it lawful, and th'Arabians,
So grew Arabia happy, Sparta valiant.

Har. The world's a theater of theft : great rivers
Rob smaller brooks ; and them the ocean.

Alb. Have not I wean'd you up from petty-larceny,
Dangerous and poor ? and nurst you to full strength
Of safe and gainful theft ? by rules of art

And

And principles of cheating made you free
 From taking, as you went invible ;
 And do ye thus requite me ; this the reward
 For all my watchful care ?

Ron. We are your scholars,
 Made, by your help and our aptness, able
 To instruct others. 'Tis the trade we live by.
 You that are servant to divine astrology,
 Do something worth her livery. Cast figures,
 Make almanacks for all meridians.

Fur. Sell perspicils, and instruments of hearing,
 Turn clowns to gentlemen ; buzzards to falcons,
 Cur-dogs to grey-hounds ; kitchen-maids to ladies.

Har. Discover more new stars, and unknown planets
 Vent them by dozens, file them by the names
 Of men that buy such ware. Take lawful courses,
 Rather than beg.

Alb. Not keep your honest promise ?

Ron. Believe none, credit none : for in this city
 No dwellers are, but cheaters and cheateez.

Alb. You promis'd me the greatest share.

Ron. Our promise !
 If honest men, by obligations
 And instruments of law are hardly constrain'd
 'T observe their word ; can we, that make profession
 Of lawless courses, do't ?

Alb. Amongst ourselvess !
 Falcons that tyrannize o'er weaker fowl,
 Hold peace with their own feathers.

Har. But when they counter
 Upon one quarry, break that league as we do.

Alb. At least restore the ten pound in gold I lent you,

Ron. 'Twas lent in an ill second, worser third,
 And luckless fourth : 'tis lost, Albumazar.

Fur. Saturn was in ascension, Mercury
 Was then combust when you delivered it.
 'Twill never be restor'd.

Ron. Hali, Abenezra,
 Hiarcha, Brachman, Budda, Babylonius,

And all the Chaldees and the Cabalists,
Affirm that sad aspect threatens loss of debts.

Har. Frame by your azimuth Almicantarath,
An engine like a mace, whose quality
Of strange refractive virtue may recal.
Desperate debts, and with that undo serjeants.

Alb. Was ever man thus baited by's own whelps?
Give me a slender portion for a stock
To begin trade again.

Ron. 'Tis an ill course
And full of fears. This treasure hath inricht us,
And given us means to purchase and live quiet
Of th'fruit of dangers past. When I us'd robbing,
All blocks before me look'd like constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of gallowses,
Therefore, good tutor, take your pupils counsel:
'Tis better beg than steal; live in poor clothes
Than hang in fassin.

Alb. Villains, I'll be reveng'd,
And reveal all the business to a justice.

Ron. Do, if thou long'st to see thy own anatomy.

Alb. This treachery persuades me to turn honest.

Fur. Search your nativity; see if the fortunates
And luminaries be a good aspect,
And thank us for thy life. Had we done well,
We had cut thy throat e'er this.

Alb. Albumazar,
Trust not these rogues; hence, and revenge.

Ronca. Fellow, away, here's company. Let's hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act. V. Scen. 2.

Cricca, Pandolfo.

Cric. **N**OW Cricca, mask thy countenance in joy,
Speak welcome language of good news ; and
move

Thy master, whose desires are credulous,
To believe what thou giv'st him. If thy design
Land at the haven 'tis bound for, then Lelio,
Eugenio, and their mistresses, are oblig'd
By oath to assure a state of forty pounds
Upon thee for thy life.

Pan. I long to know
How my good farmer speeds ; how Trincalo
Hath been receiv'd by Lelio.

Cric. Where shall I find him ?
What we most seek still flies us ; what's avoided,
Follows or meets us full. I am embost,
With trotting all the streets to find Pandolfo,
And bles^s him with good news.

Pan. This haste of Cricca
Bodes some good : doubtless my Trincalo,
Receiv'd for Antonio, hath given me Flavia.
Cricca !

Cric. Neither in Paul's, at home, nor in the Exchange,
Nor where he uses to converse ! he's lost,
And must be cry'd.

Pan. Turn hither, Cricca, Cricca.
Seest me not ?

Cric. Sir, the news, and haste to tell it,
Had almost blinded me. 'Tis so fortunate,
I dare not pour it all once upon you,
Lest you should faint, and swoon away with joy :
Your transform'd Trincalo—

Pan. What news of him ?

Cric. Enter'd as owner in Antonio's house—

Pan. On.

Cric. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter Flavia,

And Lelio for their father.

Pan. Quickly, good Cricca !

Cric. And hath sent me in haste to bid you —

Pan. What ?

Cric. Come, with your son Eugenio —

Pan. And then ?

Cric. That he may be witness of your marriage.

But, sir, I see no signs of so large goodness

As I expected, and this news deserv'd.

Pan. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward symptoms,

And characters of joy, are poor expressions
Of my inward happiness. My heart's full,
And cannot vent the passions. Run, Cricca, run,
Run as thou lov'st me, call Eugenio,
And work him to my purpose : thou can'st do it.
Haste, call him instantly.

Cric. I fly, sir.

Act. V. Scen. 3.

Pandolfo.

HOW shall I recompence this astrologer,
This great Albumazar ! through whose learned
hands
Fortune hath pour'd the effect of my best wishes,
And crown'd my hopes. Give him this chain ! alas,
'Tis a poor thanks, short by a thousand links
Of his large merit. No, he must live with me
And my sweet Flavia, at his ease and pleasure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'll get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So there's Trincalo
Antoniated, or Antonio Intrinculate.

Act. V. Scen. 4.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Lelio, Eugenio.

Ant. **S**ignior Pandolfo ! welcome.

Lel. Your servant, sir.

Pan. Well met, Antonio ; my prayers and wishes
Have waited on you ever.

Ant. Thanks, dearest friend.

To speak my danger past, were to discourse
Of dead men at a feast. Such sad relations
Become not marriages. Sir, I am here
Return'd to do you service. Where's your son ?

Pan. He'll wait upon you presently.

Eug. Signior Antonio !

Happily welcome.

Ant. Thanks, Eugenio.

How think you, gentlemen, were it amiss
To call down Flavia and Sulpitia,
That what we do, may with a full consent
Be entertain'd of all ?

Pan. 'Tis well remember'd.
Eugenio call your sister.

Ant. Lelio, call my daughter.

Act V. Scene 5.

Pandolfo, Antonio.

Pan. **W**isely consider'd, Trincalo ; 'tis a fair pre-
logue
To the comedy ensuing. Now I confess
Albumazar had equal power to change
And mend thy understanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hug thee for this service :
'Tis a brave onset : ah, my sweet Trincalo !

Ant. How like you the beginning ?

Pan.

Pan. 'Tis o' th' further fide
All expectation.

Ant. Was't not right, and spoken
Like old Antonio ?

Pan. 'Tis most admirable !
Were't he himself that spoke, he could not better't.
And, for thy sake, I wish Antonio's shape
May ever be thy house, and 's wit thy inmate.
But where's my plate, and cloth of silver ?

Ant. Safe.

Pan. They come. Keep state, keep state, or all's
discover'd..

Act. V. Scen. 6.

Antonio, Pandolfo, Eugenio, Lelio, Flavia, Sulpitia.

Ant. **E**ugenio, Flavia, Lelio, Sulpitia,
Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties, with full freedom, speak their pleasure,
Before it be too late.

Pan. Good ! excellent !

Ant. Speak boldly therefore. Do you willingly
Give full authority, and what I decree,
Touching these businesSES, you'll all perform ?

Eug. I rest as you dispose : what you determine,
With my best power I ratify ; and Sulpitia,
I dare be bold to promise, says no less.

Sul. Whate'er my father, brother, and yourself
Shall think convenient, pleaseth me.

Lel. In this,
As in all other service, I commit myself
To your commands ; and so, I hope, my sister.

Fla. With all obedience : for dispose of me
As of a child, that judgeth nothing good,
But what you shall approve.

Ant. And you, Pandolfo ?

Pan.

Pan. I most of all. And, for I know the minds
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after, 'tis my advice they swear
T' observe, without exception, your decree.

Fla. Content.

Sul. Content.

Pan. By all the powers that hear
Oaths, and rain vengeance upon broken faith,
I promise to confirm and ratify
Your sentence.

Lel. Sir, I swear no less.

Eug. Nor I.

Fla. The self-same oath binds me:

Sul. And me the same.

Pan. Now Antonio, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth. None of us can appeal
From you to higher courts.

Ant. First, for preparative
Or flight præludium to the greater matches,
I must intreat you, that my Armellina
Be match'd with Trincalo. Two hundred crowns
I give her for her portion.

Pan. 'Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old clownery, and dregs o' th' country,
Dwell in him still. How careful he provides
For himself first! content. And more, I grant him
A lease for twenty pounds, a year.

Ant. I thank you.

Gentlemen, since I feel myself much broken
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold
To entertain new heat, I freely yield
Sulpitia, whom I lov'd, to my son Lelio.

Pan. How cunningly hath the farmer provided
T' observe the 'temblance of Antonio's person,
And keep himself still free for Armellina!

Ant. Signior Pandolfo, y'are wise, and understand:
How ill hot appetites of unbridled youth
Become grey hairs. How grave and honourable
Were't for your age to be enamour'd:
With the fair shape of virtue, and the glory

Of our fore-fathers ! then would you blush to think,
How by this dotage, and unequal love,
You stain their honour, and your own. Awake,
Banish those wild affections, and by my example
Turn to your repos'd self.

Pan. To what purpose, pray you,
Serves this long proeme ? on to th' sentence.

Ant. Sir,

Conformity of years, likeness of manners,
Are Gordian knots that bind up matrimony.
Now, between seventy winters and sixteen,
There's no proportion, nor least hope of love.
Fie ! that a gentleman of your discretion,
Crown'd with such reputation in your youth,
Should, in your western days, lose th' good opinion
Of all your friends ; and run to th' open danger
Of closing the weak remnant of your days
With discontentment unrecoverable.

Pan. Rack me no more ; pray you, let's hear the
sentence.

Note how the afs would fright me, and endear
His service ; intimating that his pow'r
May overthrow my hopes. Proceed to th' sentence.

Ant. These things consider'd, I bestow my daughter
Upon your son Eugenio, whose constant love,
With his so modest carriage, hath deserv'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with patience.

Pan. Treacherous villain !
Accursed Trincalo ! I'll — But this no place :
He's too well back'd. But shortly, when the date
Of his Antonioship's, expir'd revenge
Shall sweeten this disgrace.

Ant. Signior Pandolfo,
When you recover yourself, lost desperately
In dispropotion'd dotage, then you'll thank me
For this great favour. Be not obstinate :
Disquiet not yourself.

Pan. I thank you, sir.

[*Manet Pandolfo.*

Act

Act. V. Scen. 7.

Pandolfo.

AND, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with patience—traitorous villain !
Is it not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't must be done with scoffs ? Accursed Trincalo !
And me most miserable ! that when I thought
T' embrace young Flavia, see her before my face
Bestow'd upon my son ! my son my rival !
This is Eugenio's plot, and his friend Lelio's ;
Who, with, my servant Cricca, have conspir'd,
And suborn'd Trincalo, to betray his master.
Why do I rage 'gainst any but myself,
That have committed such a serious busines
To th' hands of a base clown, and ignorant ?
I see mine error, but no means to help it.
Only the sweetnes of revenge is left me,
Which I must execute : th' hours of 's gentry
Are now clean spent. I'll home, and there attend him.

[Exit.]

Act. V. Scen. 8.

Trincalo drunk, but something recover'd

Welcome old trusty Trincalo, good farmer, welcome ! Give me thy hand, we must not part hereafter. Fie, what a trouble 'tis to be out of a man's self ! If gentlemen have no pleasure but what I felt to-day, a team of horses shall not drag me out of my profession. There's nothing amongst them but borrowing, compounding for half their debts, and have their purse cut for the rest, cozen'd by whores, frightened with husbands, wash'd in wet hogsheads, cheated of their cloaths, and falling in cellars for conclusion.

Act.

Act. V. Scen. 9.

Pandolfo at the window, Trincalo.

Pan. **O** Precious piece of villany! are you unchang'd?

How confident the rogue dares walk the streets!

Trin. And then such quarrelling! never a suit I wore to-day, but hath been soundly basted. Only this faithful country-case 'scap'd fist-free; and, be it spoken in a good hour, was never beaten yet since it came from fulling.

Pan. Base treacherous villain!

[Beats him with a staff.]

Trin. Is this the recompence of my day's work?

Pan. You marry me to Patience! there's patience, She's a good bed-fellow: have patience.

Trin. You'll beat me out on't, sir. How have I wrong'd you?

Pan. So as deserves th' expression of my fury, With th' cruel'st tortures I can execute.

Trin. You kill me, sir,

Pan. Have patience.

Trin. Pray you, sir!

Pan. Seek not by humble penitence t' appease me: Nothing can satisfy.

Trin. Farewell humility;

Now I am beaten sober. [Takes away Pandolfo's staff.]

Shall age and weakness master my youth and strength?

Now speak your pleasure: what's my fault?

Pan. Dar'st deny

Thy own act done before so many witnesses?

Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence

With such strong impudence?

Trin. I have been faithful

In all you trusted me.

Pan. To them, not me.

O what a proeme stuff with grave advice,

And

And learned counsel, you could shew'r upon me
Before the thunder of your deadly sentence !
And give away my mistress with a scoff !

Trin. I give your mistress !

Pan. Didst not thou decree

Contrary t'our compact, against my marriage ?

Trin. Why, when was I your judge ?

Pan. Just now, here.

Trin. See your error ! then was I fast lock'd in Antonio's cellar : where making virtue of necessity, I drank stark drunk, and waking, found myself cloath'd in this farmer's suit, as in the morning.

Pan. Didst not thou swear to enter Antonio's house,
And give me Flavia for my wife ? and after,
Before my own face, gav'ſt her to my son ?

Trin. Ha, ha, ha.

[Whilst Trincalo laughs and lets fall the staff,

Pandolfo recovers it, and beats him.

Pan. Can't thou deny it ?

Trin. Ha, ha, ha.

Have you got mistref Patience ? ha, ha, ha.

Pan. Is not this true ?

Trin. Ha, ha, ha.

Pan. Answer me.

Trin. Ha, ha, ha, wan.

Pan. Was't not thus ?

Trin. I answer,

First, I never was transform'd, but gull'd,
As you were by the astrologer, and those that called me
Antonio.

To prove this true, the gentleman you spoke with was
Antonio,

The right Antonio, safely return'd from Barbary.

Pan. Oh me, what's this ?

Trin. Truth itself.

Pan. Was't not thou that gav'ſt the sentence ?

Trin. Believe me, no such matter :

I ne'er was gentleman, nor otherwise
Than what I am, unless 'twere when I was drunk.

Pan.

Pan. How have I been deceiv'd ? good Trincalo
Pardon me, I have wrong'd thee.

Trin. Pardon you ?
When you have beaten me to paste, good Trincalo,
Pardon me ?

Pan. I am sorry for't ; excuse me.

Trin. I am sorry I must excuse you. But I pardon
you.

Pan. Now tell me where's the plate and cloth of
silver,
The gold and jewels which the astrologer
Committed to thy keeping ?

Trin. What plate, what jewels ?
He gave me none. But when he went to change me,
After a thousand circles and ceremonies,
He binds me fast upon a form, and blinds me
With a thick table napkin. Not long after
Unbinds my head and feet, and gives me light :
And then I plainly saw, that I saw nothing :
The parlour was clean swept of all was in't.

Pan. Oh me ! Oh me !

Trin. What ails you, sir ? what ails you ?

Pan. I am undone, I have lost my love, my plate,
My whole estate, and with the rest myself.

Trin. Lose not your patience too. Leave this lament-
ing,
And lay the town ; you may recover it.

Pan. 'Tis to small purpose. In, and hold thy peace.

Act. V. Scen. 10.

Cricca, Pandolfo.

Cric. **W**HE RE shall I find my master to content
him

With welcome news ? he's here ; news, news !
News of good fortune, joy, and happiness !

Pan. Cricca, my fadnes is uncapable
Of better tidings : I am undone ! most miserable !

Cric.

Cric. Offend not your good luck, y'are now more fortunate

Than when you rose this morning: be merry, Sir,
Cheer up yourself, y'have what you wish'd, fear nothing.

Pan. May be Antonio newly repents himself,
With purpose to restore Flavia.

Cricca; what is't? where's all this happiness?

Cric. Lock'd in Antonio's closet.

Pan. All alone?

Sure that's Flavia. Is not Eugenio
Suffer'd to enter?

Cric. Antonio keeps the key:
No creature enters but himself: all's safe,
And shall be so restor'd.

Pan. O my sweet Cricca!

Cric. And they that wrong'd you, most extreamly
 sorry,

Ready to yield you any satisfaction.

Pan. Is't possible they should so soon repent them,
That injur'd me so lately? tell me the manner
That caused them to see their error.

Cric. I'll tell you, Sir.
Being just now at old Antonio's house,
One thunders at the back door, enters, presses
To speak in private with young Lelio;
Was instantly admitted: and think you who?
'Twas your astrologer Albumazar.
When he had spoke a while, Lelio and Antonio
In haste command me fetch a constable.

Pan. How can this story touch my happiness?

Cric. I up and down through slimy ale-houses,
Cloudy tobacco-shops, and vapouring taverns,
My mouth full of inquiry, at last found one.

Pan. What of all this? is't possible a constable
Concerns my good?

Cric. And following my directions,
Went to a tippling-house, where we took drinking
Three handsome fellows with a great chest, attach'd
 them,
And brought them all to Antonio.

Pan.

Pan. Well, what then?

Cric. These were the astrologer's intelligences, that
Robb'd you through the south window.

Pan. I thought thou hadst spoke
Of Flavia's restoring.

Cric. I mean your plate
And treasure ; pray you, sir, is't not great happiness
To re-obtain three thousand pounds in value,
Desperately lost ? and you still doat and dream
Of Flavia, who by your own consent
And oath is promised to your son Eugenio.

Pan. Forward.

Cric. Within this chest Antonio found your plate,
Gold, jewels, cloth of silver, nothing perish'd,
But all safe lock'd till you acknowledge it.
And since Albumazar of his own accord
Freely confessed, and safe restor'd your treasure ;
Since 'tis a day of jubilee and marriage,
Antonio would intreat you to release
And pardon the astrologer : Thanking your fortune,
That hath restor'd you to your wealth and self,
Both which were lost i' th' love of Flavia.

Pan. Reason hath clear'd my sight, and drawn the veil
Of doatage that so dark'd my understanding.
I clearly see the slavery of affections ;
And how unsuitable my declining years
Are for the dawning youth of Flavia.
Let the best joys of Hymen compass her,
And her young husband, my Eugenio,
With full content. And since Albumazar
By accident caused all this happiness,
I freely pardon him, and his companions ;
And haste to assist the marriages and feasts.

Cric. Why now you shew yourself a worthy gentle-
man.

Act. V. Scen. ult.

Trincalo, Cricca.

Trin. **C**RICCA, I over-heard your news: all parts
are pleas'd

Except myself: Is there no news for Trincalo?

Cric. Know'st it not? in and see: Antonio
Hath given thee Armellina with a portion,
Two hundred crowns; and old Pandolfo bound
By oath t'assure thee twenty pounds a year,
For three lives.

Trin. Ha!

Cric. Come in.

Trin. I'll follow.



EPI-



EPilogue.

TWO hundred crowns? and twenty pound a year
 For three good lives? Cargo! ha! Trincalo!
 My wife's extreamly busy, dressing the supper
 For these great marriages; and I not idle,
 So that I cannot entertain you here
 As I would elsewhere. But if you come to Totnam
 Some four days hence, and ask for Trincalo
 At th' sign o' th' Hogshead; I'll mortgage all my lives
 To bid you welcome. You that love Trincalo
 And mean to meet, clap hands and make t' a bargain.

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